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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



MARK LAMBERTSON FOR TIME

Big Cheese: When it comes to pizza, Papa John's delivers (see Business)



MICHAEL S. GREEN/AP

Martyrdom: Mourners at the funeral for Matthew Shepard in Casper, Wyo. (see Cover)



WILL WOLF FOR CBS/CORBIS

Steve Wynn: Will high art lure Vegas' high rollers upscale? (see The Arts)

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COVER: Photograph for TIME by Steve Liss. Photograph of Matthew Shepard from Associated Press

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Peter Beinart/Wichita

Home (School) Improvement

To pioneer chagrin, a movement goes from outlaw to mainstream

WALK THROUGH THE DOORS OF WAREHOUSE NO. 2 AT 701 East 37th Street in Wichita, Kans., on a weekday morning, and you will swear you have entered a school. Parent sign-up sheets festoon the walls. A small library offers comfy chairs and a plentiful supply of magazines. Basketballs bounce in the distance, and a poster next to the weight room illustrates the "6 S's of Fitness" (strength, stamina, speed, suppleness, skill, spirit). The kids racing down the linoleum hallway take Spanish, art, p.e. and government here. They hit baseballs from the pitching machine, and they splash in the pool. But this is not their school. They go to school at home.

Warehouse No. 2, donated by a sympathetic local business, is what happens when the home-school movement reaches critical mass. Fifteen years ago, there were perhaps 50 families home-schooling their kids in Wichita. Afraid that the practice violated Kansas law, they met in secret and kept their children inside during school hours. Most publishers refused to sell them teachers' guides, assuming they wanted the answer sheets to help their kids cheat. So they bought the textbooks Christian schools were throwing away. Home-schooled kids didn't have many academic or extra-curricular outlets, which was all right, since almost all were under the age of 10.

But in the ensuing decade and a half, Wichita's home schoolers have hit adolescence. And with the legality of home schooling firmly established, home schoolers have been joined by an exodus from the city's troubled public schools. The result is a metropolitan area that today boasts 1,500 home-school families, many with teenage children demanding basketball teams, theater productions and science labs. So the home-school movement in Wichita has literally outgrown the home. Wichita's home schoolers boast three bands, a choir, a bowling group, a math club, a 4-H Club, boy- and girl-scout troops, a debate team, a yearly musical, two libraries and a cap-and-gown graduation. In donated rooms across Wichita, home schoolers attend classes in algebra, English, science, swimming, accounting, sewing, public speaking and Tae Kwan Do. Parental support groups with names like BEST (Believing, Encouraging and Studying Together) and HOPE (Helping Other Parents

Educate) crisscross the city, organizing field trips and swapping lesson plans. This year the Wichita Home School Warriors hosted two basketball tournaments, attended by 54 teams from around the U.S. and scouts from half a dozen colleges.

As home schooling becomes mainstream, other institutions are finding it hard to adjust. For example, the National Collegiate Athletic Association judges scholarship eligibility by grade-point average and has run into problems evaluating grades awarded by parents. The military deems home-school degrees inferior to those from accredited high schools, which has opened it to charges of discrimination.

But no one has had more trouble adjusting to the success of home schooling than home schoolers. The movement's founders were devout Evangelicals trying to insulate their children from what they believed was a morally depraved culture. Wichita's original home schoolers were often members of the militant antiabortion group Operation Rescue, which had a strong presence in the city. But as home schooling infiltrates the wider culture, the wider culture is starting to infiltrate home schooling. Many of the newest home schoolers are not religious. And home schooling, with its low cost, is attracting growing numbers of children who have been expelled from public school.

The growth of home-school organizations outside the home, while expanding educational options, inevitably diminishes parents' control over what their children learn and see. Already controversies have sprouted over what kinds of uniforms are appropriate for home-school cheerleaders and whether rock music may be played at home-school events. Some Evangelicals have even pulled their children out of home-school clubs and classes.

All of which points to a paradox. Home schooling can provide a broadly accepted, large-scale alternative to the public schools, or it can provide a true sanctuary from the wider culture. But it cannot do both, because the more attractive the movement becomes to children in the public schools, the more it will start to resemble them. Warehouse No. 2 may look like evidence that home schooling is eclipsing public education in the city of Wichita. Then again, it could be the other way around. ■



Parents give a lesson in photosynthesis at Central Christian Church

PHOTO BY BOB DIXON

The home-school movement in Wichita has literally outgrown the home



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CONTRIBUTORS

Gauging America's Attitude Toward Gay Life in the '90s

JOSH ARNHEIM/GETTY IMAGES FOR TIME



STEVE LOPEZ



JOHN CLOUD



DAVID JACKSON

IN OCTOBER 1969, *TIME* ran its first cover story on "The Homosexual in America." At the time, gay politics and culture were on the fringe of mainstream society and were rooted in just a few big cities. This week a confluence of events led us to re-examine the issue of gay life to determine how and to what extent sentiments have changed. Senior writer Steve Lopez visited Laramie, Wyo., to determine how attitudes in the small Western town may have contributed to the robbery and fatal beating of Matthew Shepard, a 21-year-old gay student. "There are no more bigots per capita in Laramie than in New York City," says Lopez. "But in such a small town, I found there are few places where one can go and feel comfortable about being different." Lopez also spoke with Laramie residents and Shepard's classmates about how they are handling the emotional impact of the killing. Meanwhile, writer-reporter John Cloud and senior correspondent David Jackson traveled to Hawaii to gauge public sentiment there toward gays on the eve of a ballot that would empower legislators to amend the state constitution to ban same-sex marriage—the first vote of its kind in the country. "Hawaii is a relatively young state with a multicultural population, so citizens have traditionally been very tolerant," Cloud says. "But Hawaiians are going through a wrenching internal debate: Should they extend the spirit of aloha to gay couples even if same-sex marriage does not conform to the public's religious values?" Moving from the state to the national level, senior writer Richard Lacayo examines the emergence of gay politics into the mainstream of American political life. "With Christian conservatives so powerful within the G.O.P.," Lacayo says, "don't count on much compromise."

Gambling on an Upscale Image for Las Vegas

THOMAS HARRIS FOR TIME



ROBERT HUGHES



CATHY BOOTH



RICHARD CORLISS

NO AMERICAN CITY HAS so successfully reinvented itself as many times as Las Vegas. The only constants in Las Vegas—from the dream of Bugsy Siegel to the haunt of the Rat Pack to a collection of theme hotels evoking other times and places—have been the gambling and the wisdom that it is no destination for the culturally inclined. The opening last week of Steve Wynn's \$1.6 billion Bellagio hotel and casino, modeled after an Italian Riviera village, is the initial step in a plan to change that perception. Among the first to sample the Bellagio's attractions were several *TIME* staffers, who this week appraise the hotel and the city's attempts to draw a new audience to the desert. *TIME*'s art critic, Robert Hughes, who surveyed the Bellagio's \$300 million collection, which includes paintings by Picasso and Van Gogh, says the venue was no deterrent to enjoying some "very good" works. "I've seen art in restaurants," he says, "so why not in hotels?" Film critic Richard Corliss, who says he loves Las Vegas for its "concentration of kitsch," attended the opening-night performance of the new Cirque de Soleil underwater spectacular, *O*. He describes the show as "a mixture of Samuel Beckett, Fellini and Busby Berkeley." West Coast bureau chief Cathy Booth and Denver chief Richard Woodbury approached the story from a business perspective, examining the city's need to attract new visitors. "Every couple of years, Vegas has to come up with something new to remain profitable," Booth says. "Now they're going after the high-end traveler, the baby boomers. This is a market that's never been tapped. They're importing the best shopping, the best hotels and the best chefs." For those still pining for nickel slots and a cheap place to crash, Booth offers this advice: "Say goodbye to little rooms and all-you-can-eat buffets. Vegas is going upscale."

L E T T E R S



The Beloved Oprah

“I applaud you for gracing your cover with a woman who is one of the strongest and most courageous spiritual leaders of our time.”

Barbara Van Gorder
Washington

OPRAH IS A TREASURE, AND I AM JUST ONE of millions who feel so very grateful for the inspiration she willingly gives [CINEMA, Oct. 5]. She continues to seek ways to pull us toward honesty, truth, goodness and reality. I always feel touched by this woman. She has wings.

Patrice Nelson
Chester, Conn.

HOW BEAUTIFUL TO SEE OPRAH ON THE cover of TIME and know a worthy story awaited me within its pages. I can't tell you how happy I was not to see another cover on Washington's obsession.

Terri Zajac
Elyria, Ohio

PRESIDENT CLINTON COULD TAKE CUES from Oprah. She admits experimenting with drugs, suffering childhood indignities, learning from bad relationships. Unlike so many who continue to make unhealthy choices, feeling sorry for themselves or blaming others, Oprah evolves. She doesn't spin around the same lame stuff. Think of what she's accomplished in one lifetime. Think of how everyone loves her. In a cynical, road-rage, self-absorbed America, Oprah is a hero we can all identify with and aspire to emulate.

Cheryl O'Donovan Urbanik
Schaumburg, Ill.

OPRAH'S BELOVED APPEARS TO BE ONE more in the current series of racial hate-mongering films. Doesn't anyone remember how Uncle Tom's Cabin, by vilifying the antebellum slave owners, helped bring on a war that cost half a million lives?

Jerry Patterson
Van Nuys, Calif.

YOUR COVER STORY ON OPRAH WAS superb! She—along with Colin Powell, Clarence Thomas and Michael Jordan—has done much to foster positive relations between black and white Americans. Oprah has demonstrated that we

can and do judge people by the content of their character and not by the color of their skin.

Richard F. Manning
Naples, Fla.

PICTURE THIS. WAITING FOR MY TIME, I eagerly open my mailbox. I run into the house flipping pages as I go. Then the picture of Oprah, scarred from lashings, slaps me upside the head in "Oprah's Summer Dream." I throw it to the floor. I cannot go there. Not with this woman—not my beloved Oprah. I must. I force myself to look at Oprah's scars. I thought I understood. In *Roots*, I cried with Kizzy and adored Chicken George. But this is different. This is someone I really know. My soul knows her well. I run my hand across her back. Although the page is smooth, my fingertips tell a different story. A story I cannot bear. I touch her hair. I want her to turn around so that I can hold her. I weep. Thank you, TIME.

Milissa Glass
Lebanon, Ohio

THANKS, OPRAH, FOR BEING YOU AND FOR inspiring women all over the world. Lead on, ringmaster!

Necil B. Oliver
Poughatran, Va.

Tripp the Tripper

IN YOUR ARTICLE "THERE'S SOMETHING about Linda" [NATION, Oct. 5], Linda Tripp turns out to be exactly what we have come to expect: devious, manipulative and certainly not someone who can be called a friend. The Judiciary Committee agreed to censor the numerous racial and ethnic jokes that Tripp and Monica Lewinsky made. Regardless of their relevance, if Clinton had made one of these jokes, it would have been front-page headlines. Why are Lewinsky and Tripp sheltered from public disclosure of their tasteless and biased remarks?

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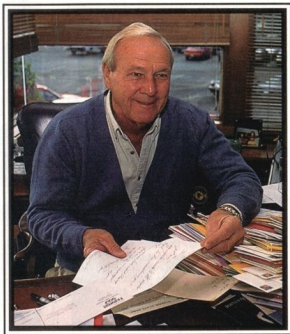
In January, a year after undergoing surgery for prostate cancer, Arnold Palmer stood in a downpour at La Costa golf course near San Diego, filming a public-service announcement that urges men to be tested for the disease. Palmer already had weathered the big storm, so he wasn't about to let a little cloudburst stop him.

One of the most admired athletes ever, Palmer dates his charitable endeavors to 1955, the year he won his first of 70 events on the PGA and Senior tours. Since then, he has played golf with President Eisenhower to benefit the American Heart Association, served as honorary chairman of the March of Dimes and headed fund drives for hospitals in Latrobe, Pa., his hometown, and Orlando, his winter home. Palmer's latest charity efforts, however, are far more personal.

"There aren't many families in the United States that have not been affected in some way by cancer," he says. An estimated 184,500 men, most over 50, will be diagnosed with prostate cancer in 1998. The disease will claim approximately 40,000 lives this year.

Palmer, 69, was diagnosed through a PSA (Prostate Specific Antigen) test and subsequent biopsies. He had surgery on Jan. 15, 1997, and, two months later, played in the Bay Hill Invitational, the tournament benefitting Orlando's Arnold Palmer Hospital for Children and Women.

Now, Palmer and fellow pro Jim Colbert, another prostate cancer survivor and Arnold's public-service announcement partner, are honorary co-chairmen of the SENIOR PGA



"I get letters and telephone calls every day, most of them asking for advice."

TOUR for the CURE program. During this season, fans can pledge money for each birdie by their favorite Senior. The funds raised for research, already exceeding \$1.3 million, are matched by CaP CURE, the Association for the Cure of Cancer of the Prostate.

In May 1997 Palmer went before Congress to seek more federal funding for prostate cancer research. He currently appears in a nationally distributed brochure asking men to "Join Arnie's Army" by having regular PSA tests—routine blood work that is the best initial indicator of prostate cancer. The brochure estimates a 90% success rate if the cancer is caught before it spreads.

"You say PSA to most guys and they'll say, 'Wasn't that an airline?'" says Kurt Knop, CaP CURE's managing director of golf operations. "Arnold's willingness to talk about his battle with prostate cancer is

the biggest reason we have been placed in the minds of men."

Palmer often hears from those men, especially the ones who have been diagnosed. "I get letters and telephone calls every day, most of them asking for advice," says Palmer, who recently received further treatment. "You can't tell people what to do, but you can give them the advice I got.

"The nice thing is we get follow-up letters telling us how it all worked out. It makes you feel pretty good and want to do more. So we keep plugging away"—E.J. McGregor

For more information or to make a contribution, write CaP CURE, 1250 Fourth St., Suite 360, Santa Monica, CA 90401, call 1-800-547-CURE or visit www.capcure.org.

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DOES ANYONE REALLY THINK THAT TRIPP did all this by herself? She made dozens of secret recordings, some of which may have been expertly edited and copied. She carefully worked Lewinsky to ensure a trail of evidence, including a semen-stained dress, e-mail, letters, gifts, logs and more. Linda Tripp, you are definitely not like me. You are a dangerous, right-wing radical.

*Lois Kalmick
Encino, Calif.*

HOW IS IT POSSIBLE FOR TRIPP TO HAVE set up the two smartest men in the world? Is Billy so stupid that he would risk his presidency for his assignations with Monica? Yes! Is the smartest lawyer in the world so stupid as not to realize that his friend Billy is having an affair with Monica? Oh, yes! My question is, How stupid do you think the American people are? Very!

*Lucile Thompson
Seeley Lake, Mont.*

Why Blacks Support Clinton

ONE REASON AFRICAN AMERICANS support President Clinton is that we see historical hypocrisy in American morals [DIVIDING LINE, Oct. 5]. For inappropriate consensual sexual behavior, America demanded of President Clinton contriteness and apologies, while during 350 years of American enslavement and apartheid, black women were sexually brutalized by white men without recourse to justice. African Americans have never received apologies or other expressions of remorse. Americans see in the faces of black people the reflections of the past sins of their nation's approved immoral behavior. Anti-Clinton politicians and public notables are touting morals that never existed in our nation's history.

America was built by the lash and by liberty; both the immoral and the moral contributed to its greatness. African Americans have been able to deal with this anomaly. It is time for other Americans to become aware that it was such contradictions that wove this nation into what it is today.

*Helen Cenry
Detroit*

Keyhole Politics

RICHARD LACAYO GIVES VOICE to the gnawing uneasiness many Americans feel about Kenneth Starr's investigation—that while the President's conduct was clearly wrong, Starr's investigation was somehow not right [VIEWPOINT, Oct. 5]. As Lacayo correctly points out, much

more than Clinton's presidency is at stake here. Congress must act with discretion and care.

*Michael J. Mullet
Rockford, Mich.*

I WAS SHOCKED AT THE IMMATURE REASONING in Lacayo's piece. He suggests that we rethink society's position on adultery, which was "taboo just a few months ago." It is still taboo; it is still wrong. I don't care how many Presidents or Congressmen commit adultery. I can't stand this raising of "nonpartisanship" as if it were some kind of lofty goal more important than truth. Even if some of us fail at times, the goal still matters.

*Robert McCormick
Concord, Calif.*

AS A CHILD, I WAS TAUGHT NOT TO PEER into other people's windows or read other people's letters. I feel embarrassed and disturbed that I was forcefully exposed to someone's private matters.


*Zoya Kinstler
Tampa, Fla.*

Mad About Linda



TIME's illustration of Linda Tripp in a technomask [CLINTON VS. STARR, Oct. 5] drew sharp-edged responses pro and con from many readers.

Among them was Johann J. van Wijk of Montagu, South Africa, who observed, "The illustration by Tim O'Brien is brilliant, and the added trappings (no pun intended), like the exaggeration of the maliciously downturned mouth, almost make it a parody on traits." Barbara Loken of Farmingdale, Maine, saw the picture quite differently. "I am especially disgusted by O'Brien's rendering of Tripp with recording equipment riveted on her face," said Loken. "Those involved in our national stinking mess perhaps don't deserve much respect, but they certainly need compassion." "The despicable picture of Linda Tripp reminds me of Hannibal Lecter," wrote Stan Kulp of Sugar Land, Texas. "It shows how little you Clinton defenders have left to hang on to." The most trenchant salvo came from Edward Linn of San Diego. "That isn't a picture of Linda Tripp," he declared. "It's a hate crime."

A photograph of four men standing against a dark background. The man in the center is wearing a tan blazer over a green turtleneck and is smiling slightly with his hands open. To his left is a man in a dark blue suit jacket and a man in a dark turtleneck. To his right is a man in a dark suit jacket. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the men's faces and clothing.

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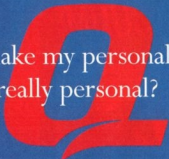
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Is the Country at Risk?

ALTHOUGH LEGAL PRECEDENT SAYS PERSONAL conduct is not grounds for impeachment, our Commander in Chief put our country at risk [NATION, Oct. 5]. He was AWOL, both physically and mentally, on the public's time. He violated his allegiance to the country. I find it offensive that our President had to poll-search instead of soul-search before he would grudgingly and belatedly apologize to the voting public. He keeps repeating that he wants to do the job the people elected him to do. After years of part-time duty, he is aware, at least when it's convenient, that he has leadership responsibilities.

*Jeanne Aubineau Redlick
Scottsdale, Ariz.*

BY SPARING THE NATION MONTHS OF divisive impeachment hearings, Richard Nixon put the good of America before his personal interests. Bill Clinton's refusal to take the honorable course and resign is proof that Clinton loves Clinton more than Clinton loves America.

*Shalom Dinerstein
New York City*

IF NOTHING INTERFERES WITH THE PROBABLE course of events, the President may well go on exploiting the power of his position until he engineers his own downfall. It is characteristic of his psychological state that Clinton has shifted a large part of the blame to the special prosecutor instead of squarely shouldering responsibility for his actions. Someone with Starr's tenacity was needed to bring the truth to light. Whether or not we like Starr personally is beside the point. He is only the messenger, bearing news that none of us wants to hear.

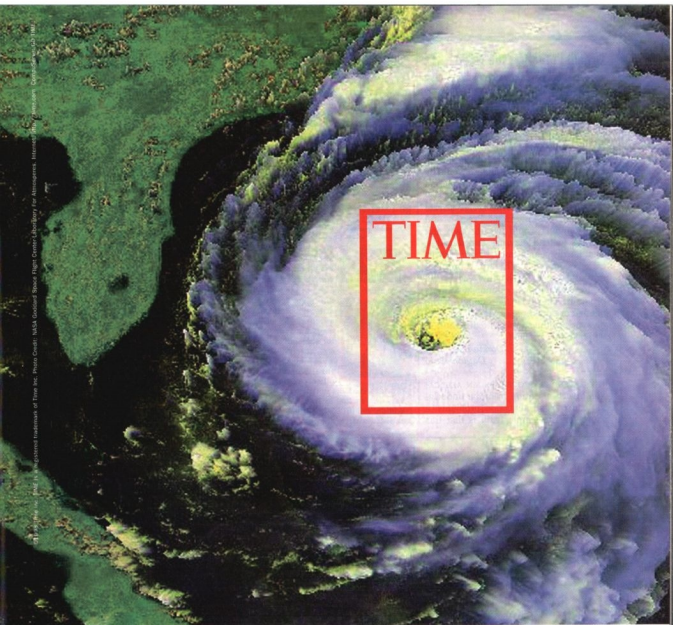
*Janet O. Dallett
Port Townsend, Wash.*

STARR TURNED OVER ROCK AFTER SLIMY rock. No roaches like the ones we met in Watergate or Irangate scurried out. But he did find a weevil of a sexual indiscretion. With the impatience of a Kurosawa, he shouted to his minions to roll the camera. He zoomed in on the weevil; it turned into a Godzilla; and he unveiled it to the public. The production cost was dizzying millions if you account for the man-hours lost in looking at the weevil morphed into a monster.

*Narayan Ramachander
Chennai, India*

AFTER THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS, THE Republicans will probably be strong in a weak and somewhat ridiculous country.

*Fred W. Steutel
Eindhoven, the Netherlands*



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Organs: Meeting the Need

AS A KIDNEY-TRANSPLANT RECIPIENT, I am personally interested in the new allocation guidelines the Federal Government wants [MEDICINE, Oct. 5], especially the rule that "the most gravely ill should be first in line for scarce medical resources." There is no mention of expected survival rate. Putting the most gravely ill first in line would be a waste, not an equalizer. The sickest have often developed other serious systemic problems, and the survival rate would no doubt plummet. Precious and scarce organs would live for days and months instead of years and decades. That hardly seems smart or fair, practical or economical. The entire problem must be solved by having a vigorous, informed national donor-awareness program. There can be enough of the needed organs for everyone. If we simply work on the supply, the distribution will take care of itself.

*Donna Brinkman
Dayton, Ohio*

THE LATEST FLAP OVER ORGAN ALLOCATION diverts attention from the underlying cause of all allocation problems: a shortage. The simple truth is that this

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shortage is the direct result of a failed public policy. Specifically, the National Organ Transplant Act of 1984 bars the buying or selling of human organs (even cadaver organs) for transplantation. The easiest solution is to allow a market in cadaver organs.

To form such a market would equilibrate supply and demand, eliminating the shortage. If the shortage were resolved, allocation issues would become moot, and thousands of lives could be saved each year.

*David L. Kaserman
Torchmark Professor of Economics
Auburn University
Auburn, Ala.*

Miracles at Sea

YOUR PIECE ON SYLVIA EARLE WAS INSPIRING and beautifully written [ENVIRONMENT, Oct. 5]. With a lyrical, poetic style, the author gave us a taste of the miracles taking place every day in the seas that surround us, never losing sight of the urgency to preserve our life-giving waters. The article was a welcome vacation from the usual fare of political scandal and botched foreign policy.

*David J. Kent
Santa Cruz, Calif.*



For and Against Peanut Bans

APPLAUSE FOR CHRISTINE GORMAN! Though I've suffered for years from a multitude of allergies, I can't agree more that banning peanuts doesn't work and is counterproductive [PERSONAL TIME: HEALTH, Oct. 5].

Bans instill a false sense of security and don't allow children to practice defensive measures. Some parents of allergic children expect schools to provide a peanut-free setting when parents themselves still bring their children to potentially "dangerous" places. Or is it possible that they never take their children to the grocery store, the mall, the movies, the fair or out anywhere in public at all, where a perilous peanut may just be lurking.

*Roberta Carlton Heffernan
Lexington, Mass.*

MY SON HAS FOOD ALLERGIES, AND IT'S quite apparent when he has eaten something he is allergic to. His eyes swell. His face swells. Eventually, his cheeks turn as red as a boiled lobster. We give him an antihistamine as soon as it starts, but we always have epinephrine, a prescribed medication. Epinephrine stops the life-threatening swelling of the airways—if

used in time. Banning peanuts is a safety issue, not a cultural one. I strongly suspect that even Dr. George Washington Carver would agree.

*Amy Gajda
Champaign, Ill.*

NOW I AM GOING TO HAVE AN EVEN harder time convincing people that I am not exaggerating my allergies. You don't know how creepy it is knowing that anything you eat may cause your death.

*Marina Tempelman, 10
New York City*

Out: a Secret About Chile

I READ YOUR ARTICLE ON CHILEAN WINES with great sorrow [LIVING, Oct. 5]. These wonderful bargains had been one of the best-kept secrets for some time. Now that the world knows, you can be sure the prices will rise.

*Ron Engelhart
Sierra Vista, Ariz.*

Inimitable Gershwin Lyrics

SOME MAY CONFUSE MANY SONGS WRIT- ten in that Gershwin era as music by George, as Wilfrid Sheed observes in his piece "Setting the Standards" [MUSIC,

Oct. 5], but no one could ever miss the unique alliterations of Ira Gershwin. Who else would ever come up with lines like "he made his home in dat fish's abdomen" and "maybe Tuesday will be my good news day."

Some music may actually sound as if George Gershwin wrote it, but Ira Gershwin's lyrics and style were not so readily mimicked.

*Mitchell J. Rycus
Ann Arbor, Mich.*

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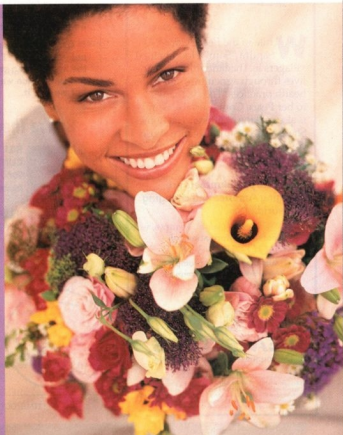
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SANDRA "SAM" HOOD

Home: Ketchikan, Alaska

Occupation: Substance Abuse Counselor

Peace Corps Service: Thailand, 1991-1992. I helped develop profitable silk worm farming, taught traditional weaving to increase families' income, and introduced health education to combat infectious diseases.

While in the Peace Corps, Sandra "Sam" Hood helped villagers in Thailand improve their lives through agriculture and better health practices. Today, thanks to her Peace Corps service, Sam is also making a difference at home. She is a successful substance abuse counselor working with "at-risk" groups in Alaska.

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WHAT WEIGHS MORE THAN THE STARR REPORT's measly 6-plus lbs.? If you can answer that question (hint: 3,600 readers responded to our **SEPT. 21** coverage of Starr's findings), you're ready for further grilling. By way of study materials, the Letters column has already offered up digests of more than 14,000 opinions we've received on the characters in the drama as well as thematic

briefs on all the scandal's subplots. You know what sex is, and it's our bet you know what "is" is. But can you second-guess what was in the mailbag on the Sept. 21 cover stories? Try your hand at the first-ever **ZIPPERGATE MAIL CHALLENGE**:

► **Q.** Which among these was the slogan du jour? It's the _____, stupid! **A)** "immoral, reckless behavior"; **B)** "integrity"; **C)** "lying"; **D)** "perjury."
A. It's C, stupid! 80 readers used the phrase.

► **Q.** Read the following: "Please don't try to make us believe this stuff is journalistically necessary. We are bored, surfeited, drenched, drowned and saturated." How many readers cried uncle?
A. Not nearly enough. We're still plowing ahead. For the record: 550.

► **Q.** The word pornography was used 104 times and smut 30 times. Are you **A)** surprised and **B)** able to say whether the words were directed at us or at Congress for releasing the report?

A. If you were surprised, consider yourself as having failed the test, and miserably so.

Any points you may have amassed are forfeited. The words were directed at both TIME and Congress.

► **Q.** Which among these was the favored biblical quote? **A)** "Judge not, that ye be not judged." **B)** "The letter killeth." **C)** "Let him who is without sin among you be the first to cast a stone."

A. First choice was C (47 entries). No one actually used B, from II Corinthians, but we like it.



How're They Doin'? The Mail Poll



BILL CLINTON
For **1,680**
Against **1,589**



KENNETH STARR
For **59**
Against **1,052**



HILLARY CLINTON
For **34**
Against **65**



MONICA LEWINSKY
For **1**
Against **285**

► **Q.** Did the release of the videotapes serve to change anyone's mind on whether the Clintons should be packing their bags?

A. No chance. But take a bonus point if you thought the anti-Clinton forces wrote snappier letters. They did: "After watching the President's performance, my only regret is, I forgot to wear my boots."



Our top mail-getting stories in history:

1. **Man of the Year: Ayatullah Khomeini** Jan. 7, 1980
2. **Last Tango in Paris** cover Jan. 22, 1973
3. **Editorial calling on Nixon to resign** Nov. 12, 1973
4. **The Starr Report** Sept. 21, 1998

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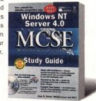
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“Without John Hume, there would not have been a peace process. Without David Trimble, there would not have been a peace agreement.”

GEORGE MITCHELL, former U.S. Senator and negotiator, saluting the Irish Catholic and Protestant leaders on winning the Nobel Peace Prize

“I would rather commit suicide than live next to a Serb again.”

HAMIDA REXHAJ, an Albanian mother of six

“I hope you all know how very sorry I am that so much attention was brought to the building.”

MONICA LEWINSKY, in a letter to her neighbors

“You have overstepped your bounds. If you persist, you will be escorted out of the building.”

A SECRET SERVICE AGENT, to a bodyguard for the Duchess of York, in a security turf battle at a benefit in New York City

Sources: Mitchell (AP); Rexhaj (USA Today); Lewinsky (USA Today); Agent (New York Daily News)

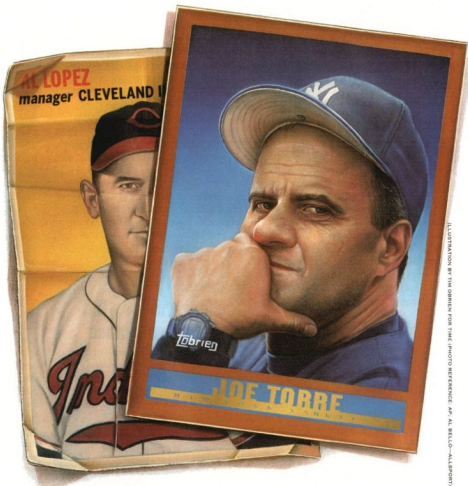


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THE BURDEN OF GREATNESS Joe Torre's Yankees broke the American League record for wins set by Al Lopez's 1954 Cleveland Indians, but will New York's season be a success if, like those ill-fated Indians, the Yanks don't win a World Series crown?

WINNERS & LOSERS



BOB DYLAN
Newly issued 1966 concert recording shows brilliance being born. How does it feel? Astonishing

MICHAEL JORDAN
Jury rejects lawsuit by filmmakers and gives him \$50,000 in damages. Like he needs it

BILL CLINTON
Teetering on impeachment, he wins everything in the budget deal but Dick Army's shorts

MARGARET THATCHER
She offers to donate her handbags to Cambridge, but they say no. Must not have had shoes to match

KERRY COLLINS
Didn't he know he didn't want to be a starting NFL quarterback before he signed a fat contract?

GEORGE WASHINGTON & CO.
Oliver Stone films *Founding Fathers*, finds U.S.A. created so that we could get into Vietnam



COLUMBIA LEGACY

MAN NISH—AP



SUCCESS STORY

Clinton's Pet Program Makes Many Friends

AT LEAST ONE GROUP IN WASHINGTON has escaped the long arm of the **LEWINSKY** scandal: AmeriCorps. The national service program is a favorite of **PRESIDENT CLINTON'S**, and its supporters were worried that it might be a target for his congressional critics. But the four-year-old program has won over skeptics by emphasizing its grass-roots structure and its alliance with respected

nonprofit organizations around the country. Members are selected by and work for such groups as Boys and Girls Clubs of America and Habitat for Humanity. AmeriCorps pre-

vailed on a key Senate funding vote in July by 58 to 37, winning over such former Republican critics as **RICK SANTORUM** of Pennsylvania and Daniel Coats of Indiana. On Friday, Clinton will preside at a White House swearing-in ceremony marking the program's 100,000th member—a benchmark the Peace Corps took more than 20 years to reach. —By Adam Cohen/New York



Santorum

IMAGE

ABC Report: The Mouse Keeps Messes In-House

LAST WEEK **DAVID WESTIN**, CHAIRMAN OF ABC News, killed a 20/20 news story critical of ABC's parent, the Walt Disney Co. The network said, "We were looking into a possible story concerning theme parks, which would have included, among others, Disney. A draft story was submitted that did not work." Indeed, the submitted story did mention other Orlando, Fla., parks, noting that theme parks tend to attract child molesters who seek to work at them. But the report singled out Disney as less responsive than other park operators to the problem. According to an ABC source familiar with the story, the report would



Westin

a worse problem with pedophiles than others. The way they handle the problem is at issue here." A Disney spokesman denied that the company had any role in killing the story. On Friday the Orlando *Sentinel* reported that Walt Disney World has begun requiring criminal-background checks on all new hires. —By Andrea Sachs/New York

HE SAID, SHE SAID

Teacher and Teen Tell Their Story in France

FORBIDDEN LOVE, THE FIRST-PERSON ACCOUNT of the relationship between schoolteacher Mary Letourneau, now 36, and her "victim," Vili Fualaau, now 15, hit the bookstores in Paris last week. The book portrays a couple who, while fond of each other, had very different views on several issues, including the source of their



Letourneau

attraction (She: "He is ... a poet capable of lyricism, an artist full of spirit and talent"; He: "I was 12 years old and I had never f_ _ed anyone ... I wanted to ... see what it was like"); whom their relationship might affect (She: "They never told me, never, that I could never see my children again ... I would have crossed the border with them"; He: "My mother was going to ... kick my ass"); and having a second child (She: "I wanted to have other children with Vili"; He: "I didn't really feel ready for another baby ... She should have told me. I wouldn't have looked like such a fool"). Letourneau is serving a 7½-year prison sentence, and last week gave birth to their second child, a girl. —By Jamie Malanowski/New York and Carol Poirier/Paris

THE DRAWING BOARD

CHARLIE NATO



A pill that helps men with erectile dysfunction respond again.



**Naturally,
the response
has been
positive.**

Now there's a simple new pill for the treatment of erectile dysfunction (a common medical problem also called impotence).

VIAGRA® (sildenafil citrate) is a prescription pill that may help you achieve erections the natural way—in response to sexual stimulation. Ask your doctor if VIAGRA is the right step for you.

VIAGRA should not be taken by men who use drugs known as nitrates (most often used to control angina) in any form, at any time. Nitrates can reduce blood pressure to unsafe levels if used with VIAGRA. Be sure to talk to your doctor about any medications you take.

In clinical trials, VIAGRA was well tolerated. Some men experienced side effects, including headache, facial flushing, and upset stomach. A small percentage of men experienced mild and temporary visual effects. (See product information for more details.)

*For more information, call
1-888-4VIAGRA or visit www.viagra.com.*

VIAGRA®
(sildenafil citrate) tablets

Let the dance begin.

Let the dance begin.

PATIENT SUMMARY OF INFORMATION ABOUT

VIAGRA
(sildenafil citrate)

This summary contains important information about VIAGRA®. It is not meant to take the place of your doctor's instructions. Read this information carefully before you start taking VIAGRA. Ask your doctor or pharmacist if you do not understand any of this information or if you want to know more about VIAGRA. This medicine can help many men when it is used as prescribed by their doctors. However, VIAGRA is not for everyone. It is intended for use only by men who have a condition called erectile dysfunction. VIAGRA must never be used by men who are taking medicines that contain nitrates of any kind. This includes nitroglycerin.

What Is VIAGRA?

VIAGRA is a pill used to treat erectile dysfunction (impotence) in men. It can help many men who have erectile dysfunction get and keep an erection when they become sexually excited (stimulated). You will not get an erection just by taking this medicine. VIAGRA helps a man with erectile dysfunction get an erection only when he is sexually excited.

How Sex Affects the Body

When a man is sexually excited, the penis rapidly fills with more blood than usual. The penis then expands and hardens. This is called an erection. After the man is done having sex, this extra blood flows out of the penis back into the body. The erection goes away. If an erection lasts for a long time (more than 6 hours), it can permanently damage your penis. You should call a doctor immediately if you ever have a prolonged erection that lasts more than four hours. Some conditions and medicines interfere with this natural erection process. The penis cannot fill with enough blood. The man cannot have an erection. This is called erectile dysfunction. It becomes a frequent problem.

During sex, your heart works harder. Before you start any treatment for erectile dysfunction, ask your doctor if your heart is healthy enough to handle the extra strain of having sex.

How VIAGRA Works

In many men with erectile dysfunction, VIAGRA helps the body's natural erection process. When a man is sexually excited, the penis will fill with enough blood to cause an erection. After sex is over, the erection goes away.

VIAGRA Is Not for Everyone

VIAGRA is only for patients with erectile dysfunction. VIAGRA is not for newborns, children, or women. Do not let anyone else take your VIAGRA. VIAGRA must be used only under a doctor's supervision.

As noted above (How Sex Affects the Body), ask your doctor if your heart is healthy enough for sexual activity.

VIAGRA must never be used by men who are taking any medicines that contain nitrates. Nitrates are found in many prescription medicines that are used to treat angina (chest pain due to heart disease) such as:

- nitroglycerin (sprays, ointments, skin patches or pastes, and tablets that are swallowed or dissolved in the mouth)
 - isosorbide mononitrate and isosorbide dinitrate (tablets that are swallowed, chewed, or dissolved in the mouth)
- Nitrates are also found in illicit drugs such as amyl nitrate or nitrite ("poppers"). If you are not sure if any of your medicines contain nitrates, or if you do not understand what nitrates are, ask your doctor or pharmacist. If you take VIAGRA with any nitrate medicine or illicit drug containing nitrates, your blood pressure could suddenly drop to an unsafe level. You could get dizzy, faint, or even have a heart attack or stroke.

What VIAGRA Does Not Do

- VIAGRA does not cure erectile dysfunction. It is a treatment for erectile dysfunction.
- VIAGRA does not protect you or your partner from getting sexually transmitted diseases, including HIV—the virus that causes AIDS.
- VIAGRA is not a hormone or an aphrodisiac.

What To Tell Your Doctor Before You Begin VIAGRA

Only your doctor can decide if VIAGRA is right for you. You will need to have a physical exam to diagnose your erectile dysfunction and to find out if you can take VIAGRA alone or with your other medicines.

- Be sure to tell your doctor if you:
- have ever had any heart problems (angina, chest pain)
 - have ever had any kidney problems

- have ever had any liver problems
- have ever had any blood problems, including sickle cell anemia or leukemia
- are allergic to sildenafil or any of the other ingredients of VIAGRA tablets
- have a deformed penis, Peyronie's disease, or ever had an erection that lasted more than 6 hours
- have stomach ulcers or any types of bleeding problems
- have a rare inherited eye disease called retinitis pigmentosa
- are taking any other medicines

VIAGRA and Other Medicines

Some medicines can change the way VIAGRA works. Tell your doctor about **any** medicines you are taking. Do not start taking any new medicines before checking with your doctor or pharmacist. This includes prescription and nonprescription medicines or remedies. Remember, VIAGRA should never be used with medicines that contain nitrates (see VIAGRA Is Not for Everyone). VIAGRA should not be used with any other medical treatments that cause erections. These treatments include pills, medicines that are injected or inserted into the penis, implants or vacuum pumps.

Finding the Right Dose for You

You will learn how well VIAGRA works for you through your personal experience. If you do not get the results you expect, talk with your doctor. VIAGRA comes in different doses (25 mg, 50 mg and 100 mg). You and your doctor can determine the dose that works best for you.

- Do not take more VIAGRA than your doctor prescribes.
 - If you think you need a larger dose of VIAGRA, check with your doctor.
 - VIAGRA should not be taken more than once a day.
- If you are older than age 65, or have serious liver or kidney problems, your doctor may start you at the lowest dose (25 mg) of VIAGRA.

How To Take VIAGRA

Take VIAGRA about one hour before you plan to have sex. Beginning in about 30 minutes and for up to 4 hours, VIAGRA can help you get an erection if you are sexually excited. If you take VIAGRA after a high-fat meal (such as a cheeseburger and french fries), the medicine may take a little longer to start working. VIAGRA can help you get an erection when you are sexually excited. You will not get an erection just by taking the pill.

Possible Side Effects

Like all medicines, VIAGRA can cause some side effects. These effects are usually mild and do not last long. Some of these side effects are more likely to occur with higher doses. The most common side effects of VIAGRA are headache, flushing of the face, and upset stomach.

Less common side effects that may occur are temporary changes in color vision (such as trouble telling the difference between blue and green objects or having a blue color tinge to them), eyes being more sensitive to light, or blurred vision. In extremely rare instances, men may have an erection that lasts many hours. You should call a doctor immediately if you ever have an erection that lasts more than four hours (see How Sex Affects the Body). VIAGRA may cause other side effects besides those listed on this sheet. If you want more information or develop any side effects or symptoms you are concerned about, call your doctor.

Accidental Overdose

In case of accidental overdose, call your doctor right away.

Storing VIAGRA

Keep VIAGRA out of the reach of children. Keep VIAGRA in its original container. Store at room temperature (59°-86° or 15°-30°C).

For More Information on VIAGRA

VIAGRA is a prescription medicine used to treat erectile dysfunction. Only your doctor can decide if it is right for you. This sheet is only a summary. If you have any questions or want more information about VIAGRA, talk with your doctor or pharmacist or call 1-888-4VIAGRA.

HC30309

VIAGRA
(sildenafil citrate) tablets

Ice Maker.

Water Dispenser.

Smog Reducer.



Refrigerators that carry

the ENERGY STAR®



label come with a

unique built-in fea-



ture: energy efficiency.



And since wasting



energy contributes to



air pollution, you'll



save on utility bills



while you save the



environment. To



find out more, call

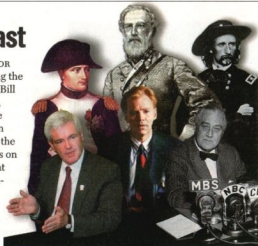


1-888-STAR-YES

(1-888-782-7937).

Too Far, Too Fast

FOR WEEKS, FORMER SENATOR Bob Dole has been warning the Republicans investigating Bill Clinton to avoid overreaching, which may explain why House Judiciary Committee chairman Henry Hyde last week floated the idea that the panel might focus on just a few of the 15 charges that are facing Clinton. Such downsizing may be a shrewd move, considering some of these great moments in the history of overreaching.



Strong Man with a Strong Hand: Then He Overreached ... On the Bright Side:

French Emperor Napoleon, who by 1812 had conquered most of Europe

... and invaded Russia. His army was destroyed.

Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture is an irresistible toe-tapper

The battlefield is now a great boon to tourism in central Pennsylvania

Confederate General Robert E. Lee, whose troops on Day 1 at Gettysburg routed the Yanks

... spent the next two days shattering his army against the Union defenses.

Whenever there's a movie about him, we get to hear Garyowen

Lieut. Colonel George Armstrong Custer, who in 1876 led the 7th Cavalry against the Sioux

... divided his forces before knowing how big the enemy was, and was wiped out.

WWII came along and ended the Depression

Franklin Roosevelt, who got mad when the Supreme Court overturned New Deal laws

... and tried to pack the Supreme Court, damaging his reputation.

He was replaced by Jimmy Smits, a better actor with a better butt

The intensity of actor David Caruso helped make *NYPD Blue* a first-year hit

... and then he threatened to quit unless he got a fabulous contract.

It was during the government shutdown that Clinton met pizza girl Monica Lewinsky

Riding public discontent with Clinton, Newt Gingrich led the G.O.P. to victory and passed the Contract with America

... and when he couldn't get concessions out of Clinton, shut down the government, a p.r. disaster.

What's with the Masks?

DEAR DR. NOTEBOOK: THE HOT Halloween costumes are Clinton masks and White House-intern getups, featuring blue dresses, berets and wigs. Why isn't there an official Monica mask and costume?



ASK DR. NOTEBOOK

The answer may be simple: fear of a lawsuit. About half the states recognize a right of publicity, which generally keeps people from commercially exploiting another's name or face without his or her consent. These laws make licensing arrangements necessary, and so far, there's no Monica licensing deal. Clinton enjoys these protections too, but few public officials have deemed the cost and bad publicity of a lawsuit worth the bother. Moreover, a government official's lawsuit may violate free-speech protections.



And Those Mirrors?

DEAR DR. NOTEBOOK: AT THE MILAN SPRING collections, Prada showed a mirror-studded leather coat. How would you care for such an item?

Dry cleaning, says Kathleen Huddy, director of textiles at the Good Housekeeping Institute, but get ready for a hefty bill. "After you've taken care of the leather cleaning, with foil protecting the mirrors, and used some glass cleaner, you could be looking at a New York City specialty-dry-cleaning bill between \$50 and \$300," she says.



TROOPERS



MUNCHING ON Girl Scout-cookie season has begun. The popular favorite: chocolate mint.

NAME BRAND

WHAT'S IN A NAME? Not since Queen Victoria has one individual been so pre-eminent that her name could be both a benchmark in morals and shorthand for a political era. This month, however, while *Cosmopolitan* holds up Monica Lewinsky as the gold standard of sex kitten, a panel at the Council on Foreign Relations was willing to apply her name to this era of diplomacy.

"U.S. Foreign Policy After Monica"

Panel Discussion
Moderated by [Name]
Panelists: [Names]
[Date and Time]
[Location]

COSMO
His Secret Sexual Moan Zones
Bedroom Tricks Even Monica Lewinsky Doesn't Know About—That He Definitely Wants You to Try

Haikus from the Stars

HAIKUS ARE USUALLY INSPIRED BY nature. But that makes writing haikus—three-line Japanese poems with a 5-7-5 syllable pattern—easy. Writing poetry when you have to spend your days listening to Bill Clinton or Limp Bizkit—that's hard. We asked some people thus employed to write a haiku about autumn.



Arianna Huffington,
syndicated columnist

FOR CLINTON ON A FALL BEACH
In Lame Duck Summer
Everyone wants to know
When the pond will freeze



Matt Pinfield,
MTV veejay

The rise of the fall
brings new music to my ears
and tunes from fall's past



Tony Snow,
Fox News commentator

Play's done. School bell rings.
Parents cling to fleeting things:
hopes, fears, loves, dreams—time.



1 French high school students rioted this week because they wanted

- a) sex b) drugs c) better schools
- d) richer sauces on their lunch food

2 To mark his 20th anniversary, Pope John Paul II released his 13th encyclical. It said

- a) materialism is a moral challenge
- b) Clinton's apology was O.K.
- c) faith and reason should be reunited
- d) Seals & Crofts should be reunited

3 Alan Greenspan unexpectedly ordered short-term interest rates cut 0.25%. This will probably lead to

- a) a weaker yen
- b) really boring news stories
- c) increased spending
- d) the rich getting richer

4 Nickelodeon has put a "TV-PG, D, L" warning before its reruns of All in the Family. Why?

- a) Archie's bigoted language
- b) Archie's treatment of women

- c) Archie's loud toilet flushing
- d) Rob Reiner's facial hair

5 John Hume and David Trimble won the Nobel Peace Prize for

- a) fixing that problem in Yugoslavia
- b) bringing a peace accord to Ireland
- c) producing the Mariah Carey-Whitney Houston duet

6 The new coalition running Germany began work on a timetable to close all the country's nuclear power plants. This is because

- a) the Green Party worries about the ecological dangers
- b) the Social Democrats promised jobs to coal workers
- c) the country is running out of places to store nuclear waste
- d) Do you really want Germany to have access to nuclear material?



7 The people in this picture are doing something in Tiananmen Square for the first time since 1949. What is it?

- a) performing martial arts
- b) pushing away invisible tanks
- c) auditioning for the Chinese road company of A Chorus Line
- d) expressing individuality

ANSWERS: 1-c; 2-c; 3-c; 4-a; 5-b; 6-b; 7-d

THEN & NOW



1863 Parisian Culture Police turn up their noses and shut their exhibit spaces to innovative new painters. In response, the artists establish the Salon de Refusés and exhibit such landmark paintings as Edouard Manet's *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe*.



1998 Cinematic Culture Police at Sundance and elsewhere turn up their noses and close their festivals to new directors. In response, the filmmakers hold the Reject FilmFest in Philadelphia and show new classics like *Trout*, the tale of a man and his talking fish.

FORE!

CLOSET REPUBLICANS?

For its November issue, *Travel & Leisure Golf* magazine unearthed a never before published photo, taken in 1959, of Fidel Castro and Che Guevara—golfing—playing golf.





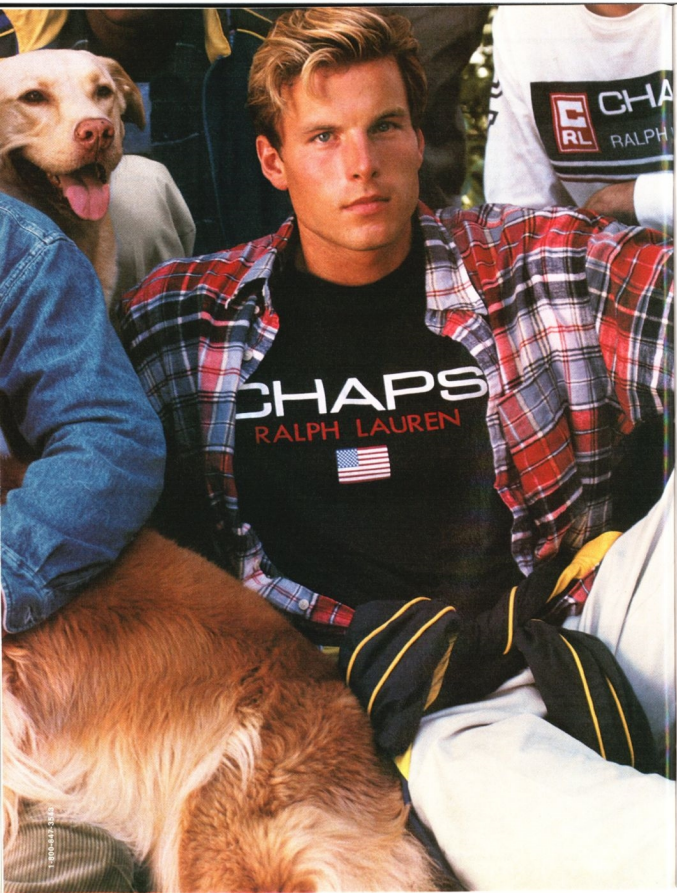
*“Lifetime guarantee? What do you think this is...
GM Goodwrench Service Plus!?”*

If it were, you'd get a lifetime guarantee on parts and labor.
Plus up-front pricing. Plus courtesy transportation.
For the select GM Goodwrench Service Plus dealer
near you, call 800 96 GM PLUS.



**Goodwrench
Service**
Plus

The *Plus* means better.



MILESTONES



MIKE BLAKE/REUTERS

ENGAGED. KATE WINSLET, 23, *Titanic* star; to film director **JIM THREAPLETON**, 24. The two have been secretly betrothed since last summer.

SENTENCED. JEREMY STROHMEYER, 20, convicted molester and murderer of seven-year-old Sherrice Iverson; to life in prison without parole; in Las Vegas. Strohmeier asked for forgiveness but blasted his former friend David Cash for watching the brutal crime without intervening, saying of Cash, "He makes me sick."

DIED. MAYNARD PARKER, 58, editor of *Newsweek*; of pneumonia that he contracted after treatment for leukemia; in New York City. A distinguished foreign correspondent and hard-driving journalist, he spent 31 years at *Newsweek*, the last seven as its top editor (see *Eulogy*, below).

DIED. JOSEPH CATES, 74, Emmy-winning TV impresario who helped create the *The \$64,000 Question* and worked on more than 1,000 made-for-TV specials; in New York City.



ARCHIVE PHOTO

DIED. CLEVELAND AMORY, 81, best-selling author and animal lover extraordinaire who fought for the rights of underdogs the world

over; in New York City. Amory chronicled his most famous rescue—of his pet cat Polka Bear—in *The Cat Who Came for Christmas*. But he was also well versed in the habits of two-legged creatures, penning a sardonic series on society's upper crust.

DIED. FRANK YANKOVIC, 83, a.k.a. America's Polka King, maestro of Midwestern dance halls for seven decades who won the first ever Grammy for the folksy musical genre; in New Port Richey, Fla. Yankovic pumped his first accordion at age nine and soon took his signature Slovenian-style polka show on the road. Devoted fans, some known to have ripped off his clothes, won his devotion in return: he played so many one-night stands that he missed the birth of all 10 of his kids.



THE TAMPA TRIBUNE

NUMBERS



51 Percentage of Americans who believe that a man-made disaster will wipe out civilization during the next century

75 Percentage of Americans who believe a major and deadly disease will appear by 2025



\$90,767 Amount Linda Tripp is paid at the Pentagon following a \$2,594 routine raise in August

\$1.25 million Amount Ken Starr's law firm paid him last year while he was probing the President



429 Number of FORTUNE 500 companies with female directors, up from 345 in 1993

2064 Predicted year that women will reach parity with men in the boardroom

\$2.8 million Amount an Iranian foundation offered for killing Salman Rushdie for blaspheming Islam

\$450 Amount New Orleans Saints coach Mike Ditka has so far fined himself for cursing this season

Sources: USA Today, New York Daily News, Catalyst, Associated Press, New Orleans Times-Picayune

EULOGY

Both in person and in the pages he produced each week, *Newsweek* editor **MAYNARD PARKER** had an edgy energy that was rooted in a passion for the news. Often tightly coiled and always ready to spring, he had the gleeful ability to rip up his magazine as it was going to press in order to make it more exciting. Every Monday I felt the special kinship that comes from having tried to pull off the same feats; I could admire the smart way he had packaged a cover, spotted a trend or elicited a nugget of reporting.

Maynard was one of the creative editors of the '80s and '90s who reinvented and revitalized newsmagazines, once considered news-rehashing dinosaurs. Although he had the hard-news instincts of a



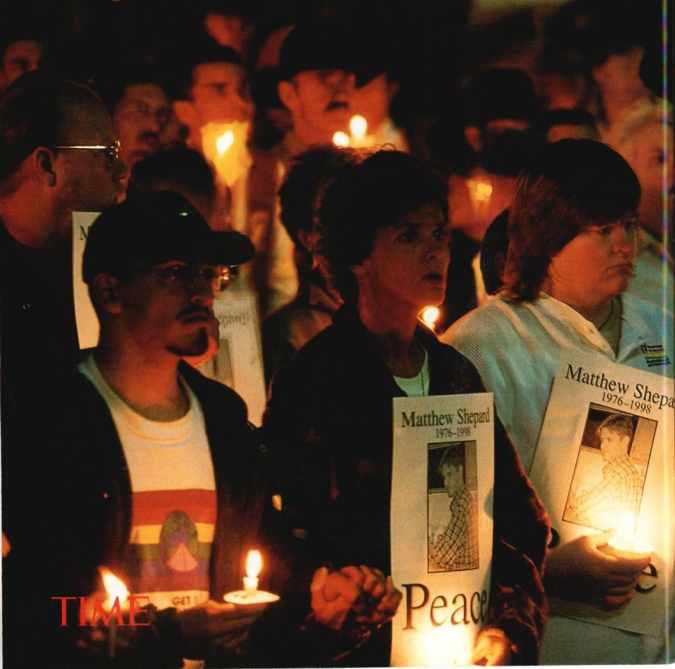
MIKE BLAKE/REUTERS

foreign correspondent, he developed a fingertip feel for the kind of cultural, social, family and health trends that transcend last week's headlines and become next week's dinner-table conversations. His competitive instincts caused him, like the rest of us, to make an occasional mistake, but his legendary intensity made him not merely a survivor but a person who prevailed in the struggle to keep journalism smart and relevant. I hope, and I suspect, that he would consider it a compliment and an accomplishment that he made all of us—not only his colleagues at *Newsweek* but his competitors at *TIME* and elsewhere—better at what we do.

—Walter Isaacson, managing editor

N A T

THE NEW GA



TIME

Y STRUGGLE

THE WYOMING LYNCHING IS ENRAGING, BUT IT HIDES A DEEPER TRUTH. GAY LIFE, AND GAY POLITICS, HAS CHANGED

By RICHARD LACAYO



WHAT PEOPLE MEAN WHEN THEY say Matthew Shepard's murder was a lynching is that he was killed to make a point. When he was 21 years old, the world's arguments reached him with deadly force and printed their worst conclusions across him. So he was stretched along a Wyoming fence not just as a dying young man but as a signpost. "When push comes to shove," it says, "this is what we have in mind for gays."

Three days after Shepard died, a crowd of around 5,000 gathered in the night on the steps of the Capitol in Washington, in a candlelight vigil that struggled to make another argument and extract another message from his death. Ellen DeGeneres, Ted Kennedy and Barney Frank, the openly gay Massachusetts Congressman—all the expected speakers took the microphone. What was less expected was the sheer turnout of lawmakers at a moment when Congress was embroiled in the crazy closing hours of the budget deal. So many members showed up to voice their grief and anger that House minority leader

AN OUTPOURING OF GRIEF followed Shepard's murder; candlelight vigils, like this one in Denver last week, were held in several cities

Photograph for TIME by Steve Liss

CAN POLITICS CAUSE HATE?



I'm living proof that Tradition can set you free.

Gay activists linked recent conservative pronouncements on homosexuality (like ads saying gays can be "cured") to the Shepard murder, saying such talk nurtures bigotry. They urged Congress and the states to pass hate-crimes legislation to stiffen penalties for crimes motivated by bias against gender, race, sexual orientation or disability.

Dick Gephardt had time only to read their names. "It speaks volumes about how much progress we've made," says Winnie Stachelberg, lobbyist for the Human Rights Campaign, the nation's biggest gay-rights group. "Yet Matthew's death shows how much farther we have to go."

A lot farther, and through swamps. However much it revolted people all around the country, don't count on Shepard's murder to revolutionize the intractable politics of gay rights in Washington or elsewhere. In the aftermath of the killing, President Clinton urged Congress to pass the Hate Crimes Prevention Act, a bill long bottled up by conservatives and other groups in Congress because it would broaden the definition of hate crimes to include assaults on gays as well as women and the disabled. But with Congress adjourned until after Election Day, the momentum to pass the bill is no sure thing.

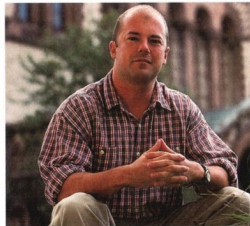
And while Shepard's death has forced even the most belligerently anti-gay conservatives to situate themselves carefully—condemning the murder while insisting they contributed nothing to the atmosphere that might legitimize it—the Republican Party, beholden to its Christian-activist base, doesn't dare compromise much on gay rights. One speaker at the vigil was Wyoming's former Senator Alan Simpson, a Republican. But Wyoming's current G.O.P. Senators, Michael Enzi and Craig Thomas, didn't show.



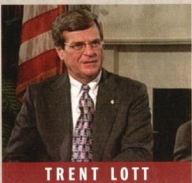
“We are standing with the G.O.P. against the Sodomites.”

—The Rev. O.N. Otwell, one of several protesters wanting to ban a Republican gay group from this year's Texas G.O.P. convention

Gay politics is more complicated than ever right now because what seems like an irresistible force of cultural change is meeting an immovable object of political resistance. For a long time, lesbians and gays have been defining themselves into the ordinary fabric of life. All the while, conservatives have been field-testing homosexuality as a defining issue for the Republican Party, especially for the next presidential election. This is all happening while Americans generally are drifting toward a bumpy accommodation, making judgments that are intricate, ad hoc and unpredictable. In a new TIME/CNN poll, 64% of those questioned thought homo-



AUTHOR ANDREW SULLIVAN has pushed gay politics to the center and says gay culture is mainstream, not radical



TRENT LOTT

“You should try to show them a way to deal with [homosexuality] just like alcohol ... or sex addiction ... or kleptomaniacs.”

—The Senate majority leader on TV in June. He also suggested gays are sinners and recently said he got his views “in the Bible”

sexual relations are acceptable, but 48% thought they are morally wrong.

There may well be more openly gay men and women in America now than in any other country at any other time in history. The long-ago sexual revolution, gay visibility in the media, the reckonings forced by AIDS—there are any number of reasons for this emergence. It has changed straight America, of course. Just go rent *My Best Friend's Wedding*, or watch *Will & Grace* on NBC. What's less noticed is that it has also changed gay America, which is a very different place now than when Shepard was born, or even when he was a teenager. By a complex but not very surprising reciprocal relationship, the simple fact that there are a greater number of visible and comfortable gays has created more of the same, more visible and comfortable gays. “I think we've done a great deal of persuading people that we are not a countercultural force,” says Andrew Sullivan, author (*Love Undetectable*) and former *New Republic* editor, who epitomizes the argument that homosexuals should embrace the existing institutions of heterosexual society. “We are a mainstream force.” Sullivan likes to point out that the richest gay group in the nation isn't a political group but a religious denomination, the Metropolitan Community Church, whose offerings totaled \$17 million last year and whose membership across the nation has grown to 40,000. And the main-



GARY BAUER

“... wage the war against the homosexual agenda.”

—From the website of Bauer’s Family Research Council, which calls homosexuality “destructive”

streaming of gays isn’t confined to New York City and Los Angeles: 21-year-olds are coming out everywhere, so that, for instance, a gay freshman landing this fall at Western Michigan University in Kalamazoo or at the University of Idaho in Moscow could find a group to join. In little Agency, Mo. (pop. 300), a woman named Liz Jalbert is president of Midland Empire Task Force, a gay group that has doubled in size, to nearly 100 paid members, in the past two years. Two Saturdays ago, more than 100 showed up at her house for the group’s annual bonfire.

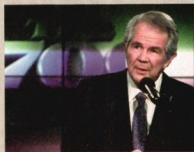
As a consequence, even the anti-gay right has had to shift the tone of its message as more straight Americans become acquainted with their own gay friends and family. Anita Bryant, the singer turned anti-gay campaigner of the 1970s, said that what homosexuals really want is “the right to propose to our children.” It says something about the difficulties of demonizing homosexuals these days when Senate majority leader Trent Lott merely compares them to kleptomaniacs, as he did this summer, or when Christian groups run ad campaigns insisting gays can be cured. While that language may try to throw the debate back more than 20 years, before psychologists concluded that homosexuality is not a mental illness, it represents a recognition that pure contempt is tricky when you are talking about people’s children or friends.

At the same time, lesbian and gay organizations have gone from being outcasts of the left to being an expected presence in politics, or at least in Democratic coalitions, and a presence knocking at the door

of the Republican Party. “The whole public attitude on gay issues has become much more mainstream,” notes Al From, who runs the Democratic Leadership Council, which breeds centrist New Democrats like Clinton. “A lot of gay businessmen are New Democrats. A lot more people are dealing with gays in their families.”

IT HAS BEEN A LONG ROAD FROM THERE to here. Largely because of opposition from unions, blacks and church groups, it was not until 1983 that a gay organization, the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, was admitted to the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, one of Washington’s most liberal legislative coalitions. It was 11 years more before the group took a consensus position on anything involving gay rights. In 1994 it backed a modest change in the Employment Non-Discrimination Act, or ENDA, that would prohibit discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation while permitting an exemption for churches. Two years later that amendment was defeated in the Senate by just a single vote.

For a long time, the most prominent nationwide gay-rights organization was the 35,000-member National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, which grew out of the scruffy radicalism of the old gay-liberation movement. But after 25 years, it still has virtually no lobbying presence on Capitol Hill. In the later 1980s the AIDS epidemic brought forth the street-theater militancy of ACT UP and in 1990 the in-your-face tribalism of Queer Nation. “We here, we’re queer, get



PAT ROBERTSON

“... the acceptance of homosexuality is the last step in the decline of Gentile civilization.”

—Robertson, of the Christian Broadcasting Network, warned that hurricanes could hit Orlando, Fla., because of gay events there

used to it” was an interesting statement of the facts. But the cutting edge of gay politics threatened to cut gays off altogether from the give and take of lawmaking.

The election of Bill Clinton was a psychological turning point, even though his support on gay-rights issues has been unsteady. His “Don’t ask, don’t tell” compromise on gays in the military satisfied no one. He signed the “Defense of Marriage” Act, which denies federal recognition to same-sex unions, then advertised the fact in ‘96 campaign spots on Christian radio stations. But he was canny about the symbolic gestures. He ended the federal policy of treating gays as security risks and invited gay activists to the White House for the first time. The message he sent was that gays were part of the American family and also part of the political game.

“The Clinton election took the wind out of the sails of street activists,” says John Gallagher, national correspondent of the *Advocate*, the gay news monthly. “They used to be outside shouting. Now people have to be inside talking, which is a new experience.” And during those years, a new kind of gay lobbying group has emerged. The Human Rights Campaign, founded in 1980, is the group that corresponds to mainstreaming impulses within the gay community. It’s also the largest—membership 250,000, up from 85,000 just five years ago. Sedate and pragmatic, with a name so innocuous it could be transferred intact to a group devoted to fair labor practices, H.R.C. was established to speak to the middle class in middle-class terms. Its annual black-tie

TIME/CNN POLL

■ How do you feel about homosexual relationships?

	1998	1978
Acceptable for others, but not self	52%	35%
Acceptable for others and self	12%	6%
Not acceptable at all	33%	59%

■ Are homosexual relationships between consenting adults morally wrong or not a moral issue?

	1998	1978
Yes, morally wrong	48%	53%
Not a moral issue	45%	38%

■ Do you have a family member or close friend who is gay or lesbian?

	1998	1994
Yes	41%	32%
No	57%	66%

■ Is homosexuality something that some people are born with, or is it due to factors such as how they were raised or their environment?

Born with	33%
How raised or environment	40%
Both	11%

■ Can people who are homosexual change their sexual orientation if they choose to do so?

Yes	51%	No	36%
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■ Do you favor or oppose permitting people who are openly gay or lesbian to serve in the military?

Favor	52%	Oppose	39%
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■ Do you favor or oppose permitting people who are openly gay or lesbian to teach in schools in your community?

Favor	51%	Oppose	42%
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From a telephone poll of 1,036 adult Americans taken for TIME/CNN on Oct. 14-15 by Societech Partners Inc. Margin of error is ±3%. "Not sure" omitted.

fund-raising dinner is the peak event of the gay political season. The guest speaker last year was Clinton; this year's was Al Gore. Executive director Elizabeth Birch is a corporate lawyer from Silicon Valley, former head of international litigation at Apple Computer; she has run H.R.C. like a software start-up—new image, new logo, fast growth. After she came to H.R.C. in 1995, she quickly changed its symbol to a yellow equilateral triangle on a blue background. Cool as a computer-keyboard button, it has no visible connection to the pink triangle or rainbow flag, two more freighted symbols of the ragged glories of gay history.

"We're by far the largest gay organization," says Birch, "so something is working." Though the group channels most of its campaign gifts to Democrats, H.R.C. is determined to prove it is not an auxiliary of the Democratic Party. Its board includes former G.O.P. Congressman Steve Gunderson. Of the 200 candidates the group endorsed this year, 14 were Republicans, including Pennsylvania Senator Arlen Specter, a chief sponsor of the hate-crimes bill. Now the group is locked in an internal struggle over whether to endorse New York Senator Alfonse D'Amato over his Democratic rival, Representative Charles Schumer. Though conservative on abortion rights and other liberal litmus tests, D'Amato has in recent years come around on most gay issues.

The White House has pressured some in H.R.C. to resist backing D'Amato. One way out is to endorse both candidates. But the logic of endorsing D'Amato runs this way: If a gay organization doesn't encourage Republicans who stick their neck out, why should they bother? And if H.R.C. backs a supportive Republican, wouldn't that foster a new generation of G.O.P. leaders who would respond to the more moderate politics of the G.O.P.'s growing younger and suburban base? "That party is at war with itself, and its best decision makers are not at the top," says Birch. "Trent Lott is making horrible mistakes."

IN LINE WITH THAT THINKING, THERE is small, careful movement within the G.O.P. To coincide with the August national convention of the Log Cabin Republicans, the 10,000-member gay G.O.P. group, Jim Nicholson, chairman of the Republican National Committee, made a point of welcoming gays into the party. "That's new," says Log Cabin executive director Rich Tafel. In the House this year, 30 Republicans joined Democrats to defeat a move to ban adoption by gays in the District of Columbia. Earlier, when Republican Joel Hefley of Colorado tried to revoke a Clinton Executive Order banning discrimination against gay federal employees,

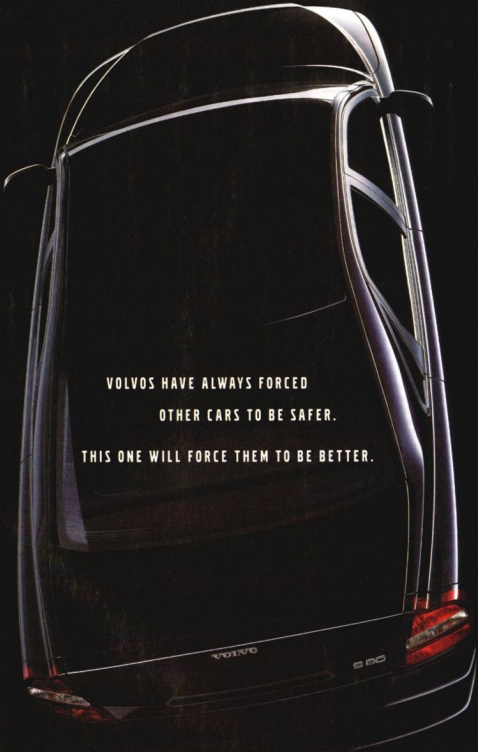
his measure was defeated, with the astonishing help of 63 Republican votes.

In the Senate, a handful of G.O.P. conservatives, including Utah's Orrin Hatch and Arizona's John McCain, have moved quietly, very quietly, in step with gay groups on issues like hate crimes, though not on more difficult ones like gay marriage. Eight years ago, Hatch was pivotal in helping overcome the resistance of Jesse Helms to win passage of the Hate Crimes Statistics Act, which requires the Federal Government to keep data on bias crimes, including crimes against homosexuals. But he has not backed this year's hate-crimes bill publicly yet, lest he alienate conservative colleagues whose votes he will need for passage. Indeed, so sensitive is the matter that neither Hatch nor H.R.C. would discuss the bill's exact status last week.

But at the same time that gay activists have become more sophisticated and accommodating, their opponents on the Christian right have become more militant and more powerful within the Republican Party. Gary Bauer, head of the Family Research Council, and his mentor James Dobson, the Christian broadcaster who heads Focus on the Family, with its 2.3 million-name mailing list, have made opposition to gay rights a defining issue. Republicans trying to bridge the gap complain that while the rhetoric of the Christian right makes compromise difficult, so does some of the language of gay activism. "They got to get off the stuff about Christians having this conspiracy to incite hate crimes," insists a Republican lawmaker. "When you have people so far apart, it makes it more difficult."

In the end and in the beginning, the struggle over gay rights is only partly political in the legislative sense. Much of the real action is in everyday life—from household arrangements to mass media to the simple yet crucial changes wrought by acquaintance and friendship. This debate has been carried on in the culture at large for years, around the ears of gays who, because they lived within it, came out and came out earlier, in a process that may not have been easy but that eventually seemed to them right and essential. If Washington reacts slowly and crudely, turning family dramas and internal dialogues into attack ads and legislative-floor fights, it only proves that conservatism has always argued—that government, even representative government, is a crude representative of ordinary lives. While the world tries to make sense out of Matthew Shepard's death, maybe his most important political act was his life. He was gay, and for a while he lived that way.

—Reported by Harriet Barwick and John Cloud/New York and Michael Duffy/Washington

A high-angle, rear view of a Volvo S80 sedan, showing the trunk, rear window, and roof rails. The car is dark-colored and set against a black background. The text is centered on the rear window area.

VOLVOS HAVE ALWAYS FORCED
OTHER CARS TO BE SAFER.

THIS ONE WILL FORCE THEM TO BE BETTER.

VOLVO

THE NEW VOLVO S80

TO BE YOUNG AND

Despite its dangers, Matthew Shepard loved his home state. Now he is part of its legacy

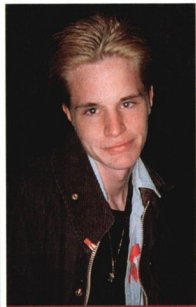
By STEVE LOPEZ LARAMIE

WINTER IS COMING FAST TO Wyoming, and it will be as it always is—beautiful and wicked. You could feel it in the air last week as ships of clouds sailed the blue sky above Laramie, snow-capped mountains rose in the distance, and a small herd of deer roamed the rocky ridge where Matthew Shepard, a gay student who loved Wyoming, was lynched.

They hold vigils and teach-ins in Laramie, a town searching its soul, but some people climb the hill as if there is something to confront up there. They go to where a small basket of dry flowers hangs from the fence where Shepard, 21, was tied with rope, pistol-whipped and left in the cold. The visitors arrive in silence and leave in prayer, and the vigils go on—in Laramie, in Denver, in San Francisco, in Washington.

With his beating Oct. 7 and death Oct. 12, one day after National Coming Out Day, Shepard has ignited a national town meeting on the enduring hatred that shames this country, a hatred so intense that even death didn't save him from it. While he lay dying at a hospital in nearby Colorado and thousands wired their support, college students there mocked Shepard with a scarecrow atop a parade float. While his family prepared for his burial and spoke of Shepard's gentleness and tolerant ways, a Kansas minister with a website called *godhatesfags.com* made plans to do a grave dance at the funeral.

With Laramie at the eye of the storm, there is something to tell about Wyoming. The cowboy state has its rednecks and yahoos, for sure, but there are no more bigots per capita in Wyoming than in New York, Florida or California. The difference is that in Wyoming there are fewer places to blend in if you're anything other than



THE GOOD SON

TRIBUTE: Dennis Shepard and his wife Judy asked to be allowed a peaceful farewell because "Matt's last few minutes of consciousness on earth may have been hell"

prairie stock. It is tough business—as Matt Shepard knew, and as his friends all know—to be gay in cowboy country.

He had spent a few years in a bit of a fog, living abroad with his parents (his father now works in Saudi Arabia), attending a boarding school in Switzerland. Somehow, he chose to return to where he grew up, to enroll in his father's alma mater, the University of Wyoming, thinking of becoming a diplomat. Short and slight, he knew he fit a



gay stereotype. And while open, he was cautious. But just days before he died, he told a friend that he finally felt safe.

Jeff Korhonen, 27, can explain the situation as well as anyone else. He was raised in Cheyenne, his father a career military man, his mother a Mormon, his grandfather a First Assembly of God minister, and there was no dinner conversation long enough for Korhonen to slip in the news that he was a different kind of cowboy. Not until his early 20s, as an exchange student in Florida, did he come out, and there is something to be learned about diversity in Wyoming when you hear Korhonen say, "Orlando was like a gay Mecca to me."

The program done in Orlando, he went back home and began his coming out. He moved to Denver for a while, which for him was heaven on earth, but he wanted to finish college, and the only way he could afford it was to go to Laramie. His family by then had dealt with who he was and accepted him.

"When I left Cheyenne for Laramie,"

■ Could an attack on a gay student like the one in Wyoming happen in your own community?

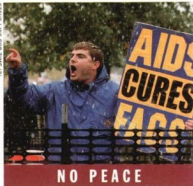
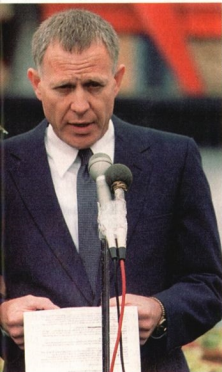
Yes **68%** No **27%**

■ Federal law mandates increased penalties for people who commit hate crimes against racial minorities. Do you favor or oppose the same treatment for people who commit hate crimes against homosexuals?

Favor **76%** Oppose **19%**

From a TIME/CNN poll

GAY IN WYOMING



BLIGHT: Protesters in Casper, Wyo., were met by a local saying, "This isn't what Jesus Christ would do"; the alleged killers, Henderson, left, and McKinney



Korhonen remembers, "my father said, 'I know you're very proud of who you are, but please, please watch yourself because there are people who will want to destroy you simply because of who you are.' I gave him a big hug and said, 'I know.' And then the first thing I saw when I got to Laramie was a bumper sticker that said **HATRED IS A FAMILY VIRTUE.**"

That was in August. In September his roommate, head of the gay-activities club on campus, was attacked. And then on Oct. 7 the roommate, Jim Osborne, called with the news about Matt Shepard. Osborne had not yet come out to his entire family, but that was taken care of as he eulogized his friend Matt on national television.

"I hate to say it, but it affirmed my worst possible nightmares of what was possible. I just never felt comfortable here," says Korhonen, who had never met Shepard. "When I walked out of the apartment to my car, it was, 'Oh, my God.' This could have happened to any one of us. It could have been

me. It was the most terrifying moment. You know this is real; you go out into the dark; and it's everything adding up."

He loves Wyoming, as Shepard did, as Osborne does, because it's beautiful and it's home. But when the semester's done in December, Korhonen will be gone. He's moving to Denver, where it's easier to be gay.

TRAVIS BRIN, A 24-YEAR-OLD WELDER, remembers being at parties with Aaron McKinney, who was like a lot of people who talk a lot. He had nothing to say.

"A total redneck," says Brin. "He'd say crazy, stupid stuff about black people and gay people... One time he said we ought to get all these people with AIDS, stick them in an airplane and blow it up. But if you got up in his face, he'd back down, because he was a punk, like any other young punk you see on the street."

Police say it was McKinney, 22, and his quiet-man pal Russell Henderson, 21, both high school dropouts, who met Shepard in

Laramie's Fireside Lounge. "After Mr. Shepard confided he was gay, the subjects deceived Mr. Shepard into leaving with them in their vehicle," reads the Albany County court filing of first-degree murder, kidnapping and aggravated robbery charges against McKinney and Henderson.

In addition to being an unspeakably gruesome crime, it was a profoundly dumb one. After allegedly leaving Shepard hanging on the fence on that rocky ridge just outside of town, McKinney and Henderson drew attention to themselves by getting into a fight with two other men. It was then, police say, that they found a bloody .357 Magnum in the pickup truck, and Shepard's wallet in McKinney's house. McKinney, by the way, was awaiting sentencing for burglarizing a Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Laramie, along with the rest of the nation, found itself wondering what dark hole this kind of ugliness bubbles up out of. But some of that mystery was cleared up when McKinney's father Bill opened his mouth. The media, he said in an interview with the *Denver Post*, "blew it totally out of proportion because it involved a homosexual."

McKinney's girlfriend, Kristen LeAnn Price, did no one but prosecutors any favors when she said Shepard had pushed himself on McKinney in the bar, and it embarrassed him in front of his friends. Price and Henderson's girlfriend, Chastity Vera Pasley, were charged with being accessories for offering alibis for their boyfriends and disposing of Shepard's bloody clothes.

Those who squirm over Shepard's lifestyle might have felt more righteous last week when it was reported that he'd made a pass at a bartender in Cody last summer, got punched in the face and falsely reported to police that he'd been raped. (No charges were filed.) If only a punch in the face were the stiffest penalty for making a pass.

THERE'S A TOUCH OF HOMOPHOBIA IN THE Wyoming legislature, state representative Mike Massie of Laramie tells you. It's a religious thing, he says. God has apparently channeled his thoughts on gays through a few good ole boys in Cheyenne.

Four times this decade, Massie has sponsored antibias bills; four times they've died. There's no problem with enhanced penalties for crimes against race, religion or ethnicity, he's been told, but if he doesn't

drop sexual orientation from the list, there's not a chance in hell. Other opponents argue against special legislation for any group or content that existing laws are sufficient.

"I am so angry over the fact that it never passed," Massie says, because now the nation can wonder whether, "gee, maybe Wyoming tolerates this kind of thing."

And that, for all the legalistic hand wringing, is the most compelling reason for such a bill. The symbolism. Politics is at least half symbolism anyway.

"You know the quote: The only prerequisite for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing," said Graham Baxendale,

an Englishman who came to America in August to study, of all things, hate groups. He teaches a University of Wyoming class on "the implications and ramifications of hate crimes." "Unfortunately," he said at a teach-in last week, "my job just got easier." There's no telling how long it will last, Baxendale says, but there is a dialogue in Laramie where there wasn't one before, and it has spread through Wyoming and beyond.

Shepard's body was taken home last week to Casper, where he once played Little League and acted in local theater and was always the littlest kid. Annie Spitzer, a Shepard family friend known as Sister An-

nie at a Pentecostal ministry, rem trip downtown with Matt when elementary school. "He saw a flag staff, and he asked me, 'What's that flag?' Why isn't it all the way? she told him, "Oh, that means that very important has died." As she mourning, Matt hugged her legs.

Snow fell Friday at Shepard's Casper, where the flags flew at half hate groups demonstrated not far Mark's Episcopal Church. Winter, and wicked, is coming to Wyoming **reporting by Maureen Harrington/**
Richard Woodbury/Denver

PUBLIC EYE ■ Margaret Carlson

Laws of the Last Resort

Hate-crime legislation is not perfect, but sometimes it's exactly what's called

IN RICHARD DOOLING'S BRILLIANT NEW NOVEL, *BRAIN STORM*, Judge Whittaker Stang, a Howard Cosell in robes, scolds an attorney who wants to try the killer of a "disabled person of color" for a hate crime rather than simple murder. The ambitious lawyer thinks that will make him look cuddly and electable in a run for the Senate. Throbbing with scorn, Stang tears into him: "Are we going to impanel a jury to inquire after just what kind of hate this degenerate had running around inside his head? And after we identify all the warped, deviant varieties of hatred ... ask the jury which kind of hate made him pull the trigger? Not in my courtroom. Not if I can help it."

And not in my column. Well, maybe not. It is easy enough to mock the idea of hate crimes ("So where are the love crimes?"). Hate-crime legislation, critics say, is codified redundancy, unnecessary complication for real-world courtrooms already saddled with the heavy demands of proof. As Judge Stang says, you don't want to send hate off to the forensic lab to prove what kind it is. Unlike intent, he says, motive isn't a separate element of a crime. It simply provides narrative to sway a jury or give plot to a novel.

But sometimes we need to find motive to calm us down. Then hate-crime laws, for all their inconsistencies, seem to be the only resort. As night fell at the vigil for Matthew Shepard outside the Capitol last Wednesday, the stony resistance of many Republicans to federal hate-crime legislation melted amid rosy predictions it would be revived, and passed, when Congress resumes in January.

But this could be no more than a feel-good gesture at the end of a feel-bad session. The G.O.P. has thrown its right-wing base enough Grade A red meat to satisfy the most ravenous appetite. The right wing's "war against the homosexual agenda" is actually against homosexuals themselves. In fighting to limit AIDS funding and battling gay adoption and marriage, some Republicans have

characterized gays as less deserving of basic rights and a diseased threat to the American way of life. There was, Senator Trent Lott's comparison of homosexuality to kleptomania. Now a coalition of Christian-right groups is running full-page newspapers with the message that homosexuals are so lost divine intervention for them to become normal. With pl the ads on TV just before the election, an entire wing of looks poised to fan hatred of gays just to get out the vote.

Words are one thing. Stones are another. There were 8,759 hate crimes reported 1,016 of those were sex-bias crimes, though no one thinks that which has quashed hate-crime three times, won't fully Shepard's killers, gay lobbyists doubt that there are cases in police look the other way, p don't bring charges and ju convict. Take the case of Schmitz, who killed a gay said during the taping of *Jones Show* that he had a Schmitz. Schmitz was convicted-degree murder. Was be subject of gay affection such ur

able humiliation that the charges were ameliorated? There needs to be a defense against the defense that phobia made me do it." Forty states have hate-crime studies show that added measures can make a difference critics fear that speech will be curtailed in the zeal to those bias incidents classified as "intimidation." But the Court has found that laws protecting gays don't vi speech. It refused to hear the case of a preacher in N who said the state's antidiscrimination law protecting g ed his First Amendment rights. It's a misplaced fear to authorities who haven't wanted to prosecute assaults i ing after epithets. Otherwise, Senator Lott and some leagues may well be at risk.



Grieving at the bipartisan vigil in Washington, D.C.

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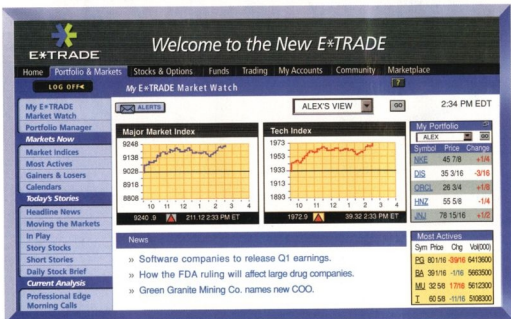
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FOR BETTER OR WORSE

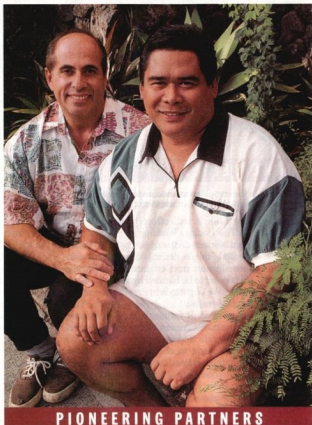
In Hawaii, a showdown over marriage tests the limits of gay activism

By JOHN CLOUD OAHU

LAST WEEK, AS AMERICANS embraced the oldest and easiest part of the gay agenda—the feel-good idea that we can “outlaw” hate toward people just because they are gay—voters in one corner of the country struggled with the most difficult and radical part of that agenda: the idea that same-sex relationships should not be morally, religiously or legally any different from opposite-sex ones. Marriage is lush with symbolism—pastors and vows, rings and rice—it’s the civil heart through which the blood of state and religion both flow. “Going for marriage is like shooting for the moon,” says Elizabeth Birch, head of the Human Rights Campaign, a gay political group. “It’s our hardest issue, but success would bring the greatest rewards.”

On Nov. 3, voters in Hawaii get to decide—once and for all, they hope—whether to confer these rewards. The occasion is a constitutional amendment on the ballot, one that, if approved, would empower the state legislature to amend the constitution to ban same-sex marriages. In the most recent public poll in the Honolulu *Advertiser*, in September, the amendment led 52% to 40%. Still, the side that supports gay marriage has more money in the bank, and everyone expects that the campaign will end in a close vote.

The marriage issue has troubled and divided Hawaii since 1993, when the state supreme court (in its first gay case ever) declared that the state was violating its constitution in denying marriage licenses to gays and lesbians. No sanctioned same-sex weddings have yet occurred because the court’s ruling hedged a bit, calling for more debate. But if the amendment is voted



HAWAII RESIDENTS Joseph Melillo, left, and Patrick Lagon are one of three couples who filed the lawsuit that led to the marriage referendum

down next month, and the court sticks by its original reasoning (as it’s expected to do), the debate ends. Hawaii will become the first jurisdiction—certainly in the U.S. and probably anywhere on the planet—to allow gays fully equal marriage privileges.

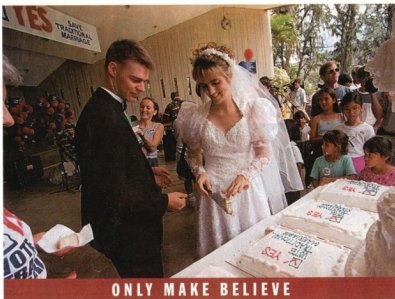
More than that, some gay couples who wed in Hawaii will return to their states to begin court battles for recognition of their now legal unions. Yes, 29 states and Congress have passed laws restricting marriage to opposite-sex couples. But gays who marry in Hawaii would then have legal standing to test these laws. The federal law would also be vulnerable to challenge. In other words, the nation would begin anew the

wrenching debate over marriage under way in Hawaii today. However, if the amendment is approved, gays may have to set aside their biggest issue for years to come. They will have lost the biggest on-the-ground political war they have fought in a generation.

Strangely, it’s hard to tell whether Hawaii is the best or worst laboratory in the nation for this unusual political experiment. On one hand, it’s a place where the institutions of statehood—constitution, courts, parties—were designed in the 1950s by people who had recently suffered raw discrimination. Asian Americans who remembered the internment camps of World War II, laborers who worked for white plantation owners on the mainland, minority war veterans who fought side by side with white G.I.s who called them names—these folks wrote the constitution in 1950. In it, they enshrined protections for minorities and unions. Discrimination based on sex was also specifically outlawed, years before the rest of the country failed to ratify the Equal Rights Amendment.

But Hawaii has another tradition besides political liberalism: Christianity. Nineteenth century missionaries did a fantastic job here. Even today fully one-quarter of the residents belong to just two denominations, the Roman Catholic Church and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The Latter-day Saints are major landowners, and Brigham Young University has a Hawaii campus.

More important, Hawaii’s openly gay community remains fledgling and poorly organized. The islands aren’t a paradise for openly gay people. Though the state’s multiethnic complexion requires racial tolerance, it’s a mistake to think that “the aloha spirit” automatically extends to openly gay people. “The bigotry is there,” says Ken-



A TRADITIONAL WEDDING is staged in Honolulu in the campaign to encourage Hawaiians to vote yes on an amendment to the state constitution that would ban same-sex marriages

neth Miller, 43, a gay man who was born and reared in Hawaii and now works for a gay group. "A lot of us leave for a while, go to the mainland. Many people stay there."

In most mainland jurisdictions that have begun to recognize gay equality (usually through laws that prevent employers from firing people for being gay), the local gay community is open, savvy, well-organized. Moms and dads are told, employers are educated—gay becomes not such a foreign word. Not in Hawaii. Even Ben Cayetano, the state's Democratic Governor and a man who proudly calls himself liberal, told *TIME* that same-sex marriage shouldn't be legal for the same reason that "marrying your sister" isn't legal.

Most of those who run the state's powerful Democratic machine have endorsed the anti-gay marriage amendment. So how can the opposition hope to win? In a conflicted society, it must appeal to the people's sense of political liberalism over their sense of religious tradition. But their rivals, of course, are doing just the opposite. Both campaigns are reaching for the gut.

The ads for Save Traditional Marriage are unvarnished in their appeals. In the most inflammatory and demagogic one, an eight-year-old boy, the son of the group's leader, Linda Rosehill, reads aloud from *Daddy's Wedding*, a children's book meant to educate kids about gay relationships. In the ad, the boy (who isn't identified) looks very confused, and a voice-over says ominously, "If you don't think homosexual marriage will affect you, how do

you think it will affect your children?"

The *Daddy's Wedding* ad enraged campaign workers on the opposing side. "Look," one said, "they're dealing with gut-level emotions—I mean, my God, insinuating that this kid is going to be harmed by us being able to marry? We've got to fight fire with fire: whack 'em back with a f_____ abortion ad." They have that ad. It features a female physician looking as concerned as Rosehill's son did. "We need to stop them before they get to a woman's right to choose," the doctor says. The rather strained argument seems to be that if voters allow the legislature control over court decisions regarding marriage, foes of abortion rights could seek similar power on that issue. Polling has shown that if voters can be convinced that the amendment may lead to the end of abortion rights, they will be much less likely to support it. (Hawaii takes pride of place as the first state to legalize abortion, in 1970.)

The campaign has got bitter in recent days. The same-sex marriage advocates occasionally demonize their opponents as

■ Should homosexual marriages be recognized as legal by the law?

Yes **29%** No **64%**

■ Should homosexual couples be legally permitted to adopt children?

Yes **35%** No **57%**

From a *TIME/CNN* poll

Christian conservatives in thrall to Pat Robertson. But Rosehill is a lapsed Protestant whose daughter is a lesbian. ("I want her to have every civil right," says Rosehill. "But same-sex marriage is not a civil right.") Rosehill says her side can win without resorting to explicitly anti-gay rhetoric, and she says she told the national Christian Coalition she wouldn't work with a local affiliate group she found "homophobic." Still, the campaign's most quoted and colorful character is strategist Michael Gabbard, who practices bhakti yoga and runs something called Stop Promoting Homosexuality International. He constantly reduces homosexuality to its bedroom component, calling it a "behavior" that society shouldn't "accept." He blames gays for the failure of his health-food store, which they picketed.

IT WOULD SHOCK GAYS HERE TO KNOW they had such power. Ken Miller led the state several times—"trying to get away from my own sexuality"—but eventually returned to his four siblings and 12 aunts and uncles. These extended families make coming out difficult: tell one person, and a cousin in the next town will find out. Many locals stay closeted. "And that's the way a lot of the society likes it," Miller says.

Thus the upcoming vote has divided the gay community, which has been forced into a wrenching choice—not so much over whether to vote no but over what to tell family and friends about the vote, about themselves, about their lovers. Local gays sometimes resent white transplants who are so open and easy with their homosexuality. For years, the small Hawaii group paying for the lawsuit that preceded this vote was almost entirely white, many of them men and women who moved to Hawaii to escape their own closets on the mainland.

The emotionalism of the campaign is clear even in quieter settings. Before a group of Japanese-American seniors, Jackie Young of Protect Our Constitution, the group fighting the amendment, offers a reason to vote against it: "Never before have we amended our constitution here in Hawaii, a land of aloha, to specifically discriminate against one group of people. What if that group were you?" These are people who remember the internment camps, and Young—a former vice speaker of the state house of representatives and longtime activist—expects her argument to resonate. But during Q and A, a man asks her about "all those weirdos from the mainland coming here." Young sighs, objects to his choice of words and pushes on. Later, she laments, "I have never seen any discrimination in my state like this. It is so open."

—With reporting by

David Jackson/Honolulu

HAPPILY UNITED: Clinton and his party came together on the budget, but an impeachment strategy could divide them now



Going for Total Victory

Clinton wants to fight his G.O.P. foes on every aspect of impeachment. But if it drags on, he may get the blame

By **JAMES CARNEY AND JOHN F. DICKERSON**

BY THE TIME HE HAD WRAPPED UP his half-a-trillion-dollar budget deal late last week, things were going so well for Bill Clinton that he went out of his way to thank his enemies. Never mind that just a week before, those same Republican lawmakers had launched open-ended impeachment hearings against him. In that short period the Administration and congressional Democrats had outmaneuvered Republican leaders, forcing them to accept much of Clinton's spending priorities and sowing discord in G.O.P. ranks. The Republicans caved on everything from paying for 100,000 new teachers to providing an \$18 billion infusion to the International Monetary Fund. Is this really what happens to a President in serious trouble? "I just can't tell you how grateful I am for these achievements," he gushed.

Grateful, and emboldened. With a budget victory notched in their belts, Clinton and his advisers began plotting an aggressive defense strategy aimed at punishing Republicans for their quest to impeach him by turning their proceedings into an even more unpopular spectacle. Instead of

cutting a deal in the House that would head off impeachment, Clinton's team is choreographing a prolonged partisan fight with Republicans over virtually every aspect of the inquiry. The opening battle will come this Wednesday when the President's legal team meets for the first time with House Judiciary Committee lawyers. Cooperation isn't on the agenda at the White House, where political aides are promising to spend the next two weeks attacking Newt

Gingrich and Ken Starr in the run-up to the crucial Nov. 3 midterm elections. Says a top White House adviser: "People who want this to be easy are deluding themselves."

But Clinton's give-no-ground strategy worries his allies in Congress more than it does his opponents. Eager to get the impeachment process over with, Democrats on Capitol Hill have little appetite for adopting the President's defense that he was "legally accurate" when he insisted under oath that he'd never had sexual relations with Monica Lewinsky. They would much rather quickly concede that Clinton was lying and then argue that the lies weren't serious enough to merit throwing him out of office. That approach puts them in synch with public opinion but at odds with the White House. "If people think it's Bill Clinton who won't let it



THE CHAIRMAN: Hyde wants just three charges

NATION

go away, he'll lose the nation," complains a House Democratic strategist.

Which is why Judiciary Committee chairman Henry Hyde last week tried to shift blame for a protracted process to the White House. Just a week after his chief counsel, David Schippers, had outlined 15 charges against the President, Hyde was telling reporters he planned to "streamline" the inquiry by limiting the case to three core allegations—that the President lied, obstructed justice and tampered with witnesses. But any hope of finishing the inquiry by year's end, Hyde warned, depended on the White House's willingness to stipulate that at least some of the facts in Starr's report are true.

Instead of taking Hyde at his word when he promised a speedy inquiry, the White House took his new stance as a sign of weakness—a reaction to polls showing an incipient public backlash against the G.O.P. And contrary to its Democratic allies in the House, who are inclined to negotiate with Hyde, the President's team thinks the best strategy is to take on Starr, refuse to concede any facts that might put Clinton in future legal jeopardy, and dare House Republicans to impeach him in a party-line vote. If they do, the assumption is that the Republicans could never get the 67 votes they would need in the Senate to convict him—leaving the President bloodied but vindicated. "We have no incentive to drag it out," says a senior adviser to the President. "But we do have a lot of incentive to go for total victory."

In this hall of mirrors, muscular talk by some presidential advisers could be pregame bluster aimed at spooking Republicans into an early deal. After all, pursuing acquittal in a Senate trial would mean Clinton would have to accept a place in history as the second President to be impeached by the House. Top House Democrats will be encouraging the White House to avoid that fate and negotiate with Hyde. Democrats may even be willing to jettison their plans to call Starr as a witness—if Hyde agrees to a debate over whether any of Clinton's alleged offenses merit impeachment.

If a deal is within reach and Clinton balks, or if the hearings go into 1999 with no end in sight, the President could have a dwindling number of allies. "You could see a situation where Democrats, Republicans, the media and the public all end up on one side in favor of a compromise," says a Democrat. "And on the other side you'd have Bill and Hillary, refusing to give an inch."

—With reporting by Karen Tumulty/
Washington

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A WIZARD CASTS HIS SPELL

Wily Al D'Amato is fighting for his political life against the strongest opponent he has ever faced

By ERIC POOLEY NEW YORK



FOR BILL CLINTON AND THE Democrats this year, Senator Alfonse D'Amato is Target One—the Republican they most want to knock off. Running for his fourth term, the gruff, perpetually embattled New Yorker, who barely squeaked past a weak Democratic challenger six years ago, is considered one of the G.O.P.'s two most vulnerable Senators (Lauch Faircloth of North Carolina is the other). If the Democrats can beat them, it would help avoid a 60-seat G.O.P. majority and hold down the number of hostile votes in what may become Clinton's impeachment jury. But for the President, the New York race is personal. As chairman of the Senate Whitewater hearings in 1995 and '96, D'Amato said he wanted "every child in America to know how to spell *subpoena*." That kind of talk helped make this race a presidential grudge match. Clinton traveled to New York last week to raise \$1 million for D'Amato's challenger, Representative Charles Schumer, and both the President and First Lady will visit again before Election Day. "D'Amato is like a roach," says a Clinton adviser. "He's hard to kill. You keep stomping on him, but he just scuttles away."

Schumer, the son of a Brooklyn exterminator, is D'Amato's most formidable rival ever, a nine-term Congressman with solid centrist credentials, a dazzling legislative record, and as much energy, ambition and shamelessness as D'Amato. (The most dangerous place in Washington, Bob Dole once said, is between Schumer and a TV camera.) And this time, some of D'Amato's old tricks

haven't been working. He and his consultant, the reclusive Arthur Finkelstein, like to brand opponents as hopelessly, shamelessly, endlessly liberal, but Schumer supports the death penalty and wrote the 1994 Crime Bill, which put 100,000 cops on the beat, so the charge hasn't stuck. Schumer has authored major gun-control legislation (the Brady Bill and the assault-weapon ban), and he supports campaign-finance reform and abortion rights, both popular positions in New York. D'Amato toes the N.R.A. line, opposed campaign-finance reform—he's a notorious arm-twisting fund raiser—and has voted 94 times to restrict abortion rights. And Schumer is the first opponent who can credibly claim to deliver for New York as well as "Senator Pothole" does. So, in a state that enjoys colorful pols but tends to toss them out after three terms (Mayor Ed Koch, Governor Mario Cuomo), that means D'Amato—who has done favors for mobsters and was reprimanded by his Senate colleagues for ethical lapses—will be the next to fall, right?

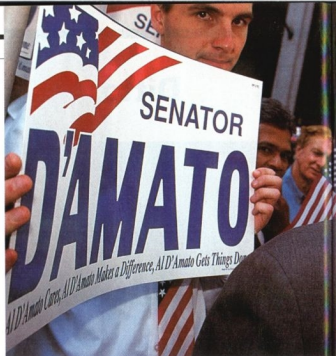
Not so fast. The race is too close to call. Each side is conjuring spells against the other, but when it comes to political black magic, no sorcerer in America is more powerful than D'Amato.

"How outrageous it is! A serious matter! Unforgivable!" His rough voice breaking into a nasal sneer, D'Amato turned a Manhattan press conference last week into a master class in tabloid politics, a seminar on how to generate bogus indignation over a manufactured issue. "It is an outrage that Chuck Schumer doesn't take his job seriously enough to show up for work," he said, assailing Schumer's spotty attendance record this year, when the Congressman missed 110

floor votes because he was out campaigning for the Senate nomination. It was a neat trick—turning reality upside down, as Schumer is many things, but lazy isn't one of them. He is regarded, even by colleagues who can't stand him, as one of the hardest-working House members, and his career attendance record—92%—rivals D'Amato's. But the sorcerer knows a good issue when he sees it, and he was working this one hard because it undercuts Schumer's argument that he would represent New York as maniacally as D'Amato always has. "Let me ask you, anyone," D'Amato said. "If you missed that much work in one year, would you have the nerve to ask for a promotion?"

Schumer says that many of the missed votes involved procedural housekeeping matters and that in no case would his ballot have been decisive. But his absences handed D'Amato an issue, and he has raised it daily, at press conferences and in a carpet-bombing barrage of television spots.

Schumer has tried to inoculate himself against the attacks with a harsh line, "D'Amato: too many lies for too long," but pre-emptive strikes only get you so far, and he's being outspent. (D'Amato and the state G.O.P. will probably spend more than \$25 million on the campaign, Schumer and the Democrats less than \$20 million, and much of that was used in his primary.) "The issue of missed votes is really beside the point," Schumer told TIME last week. But when he said it, he was stuck in Washington so he wouldn't miss any more. By then D'Amato had segued into a new song, attacking Schumer for voting against a disarming-relief package (one championed, of course, by D'Amato) for victims of a devast-





D'AMATO'S ADS

THE STRATEGY

Hit Schumer for a bogus issue like his spotty attendance record in Congress this year

THE DAMAGE

Makes Schumer look lazy to voters who don't know him

SCHUMER'S RESPONSE

Stresses solid career attendance record in Congress; slaps back at D'Amato for his votes on guns and abortion

PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE

tating ice storm last winter in upstate New York and New England. "Schumer votes for foreign aid for countries like Mongolia but votes against upstate New York," a D'Amato spot charged. "If you live in Mongolia"—cut to a herd of double-humped camels in the Gobi Desert—"Schumer's your man. If you live in New York, Al d'Amato's there for you."

In fact, Schumer voted against the aid package because it was financed by cuts in housing programs for senior citizens and the poor. But such nuances are easily lost—as D'Amato trusts they will be. This is lizard-

brain politics, the sort of reflexive slugging that emanates from the brain stem, not the hemispheres of higher thought. And D'Amato does it better than anyone else. In 1992 he so rattled his hapless opponent, former state attorney general Robert Abrams, that Abrams called him a "fascist." D'Amato spilled crocodile tears and accused Abrams of slurring Italian Americans. Abrams never recovered. "Abrams was a bleeder," says a Schumer adviser. "Chuck can take a punch."

Now he'd better land one, and quickly. He has rolled out a new spot highlighting D'Amato's antiabortion stance, and he

keeps trying to persuade New Yorkers that D'Amato's bring-home-the-bacon image is phony. Through all the scandals that have beleaguered D'Amato—his relatives and friends got federally funded houses; his brother got to use D'Amato's Senate office as a lobbyist's suite—many voters have clung to one idea: D'Amato may be a backguard, but he's their blackguard, grabbing whatever he can for the state. Schumer argues that D'Amato has been bad for New York because he voted to cut funding for schools, hospitals, highways and the environment. When D'Amato holds a press conference to trumpet some pork-barrel item, says Schumer, "he's working an elaborate con. He chops off your hand, then sews a finger back on and expects a pat on the back."

There's truth to the charge, yet it's a difficult one to drive home because D'Amato is among the most creative politicians in America. There are few constituencies he won't court, often doing some good in the process. In 1992 he began what he calls a "lonely fight" to increase funding for breast-cancer research—and reduce his gender gap—tapping Pentagon money (almost \$900 million so far) for the research. In 1993 he bucked his party and backed Clinton on gays in the military; last week a leading gay-rights organization, the Human Rights Campaign, was mulling a D'Amato endorsement. And in 1996 D'Amato held hearings exposing Swiss banks for hoarding the property of Holocaust victims, a crusade featured in his ads.

Most New Yorkers long ago made up their minds about D'Amato. Just 10% of the electorate remains undecided in the race, with the rest split cleanly between the two candidates, though Schumer's support may be slipping. Turnout will decide the contest. As little as 50% of the electorate is likely to vote—so which side will show up in force? D'Amato has more money for phone banks and direct-mail appeals; Schumer is counting on what's left of New York labor to pull voters, especially in the five boroughs, where Democrats outnumber Republicans 5 to 1. He needs a huge turnout there—and in upstate cities like Buffalo—to offset D'Amato's relative strength in the suburbs and the North Country.

Even the TV attacks are designed less to change minds than to mobilize believers. Schumer will hit D'Amato for breaking his promise not to run for re-election this year, and he'll sample from the smorgasbord of D'Amato scandals for whatever looks fresh and juicy. D'Amato will go after Schumer for voting against welfare reform, the Gulf War and whatever else his researchers can dig up. With two weeks to go, says D'Amato, "we're just getting started." It's down, it's dirty, and he's loving every minute of it. ■



SCHUMER'S ADS

THE STRATEGY

Remind voters of scandals without mentioning them

THE DAMAGE

After 18 years, are New Yorkers finally tired of Al?

D'AMATO'S RESPONSE

He feigns outrage and counterattacks with a barrage of nasty ads

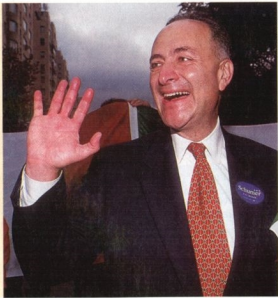


PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE

The System Bites Back

Russ Feingold staked his career on getting money out of politics. It could cost him his Senate seat

By ROMESH RATNESAR MADISON



IF RUSS FEINGOLD'S LIFE were a movie, it would be *The Candidate*, the 1972 film in which Robert Redford plays a handsome young lawyer running for the U.S. Senate as a clean-playing liberal unbought by the political establishment. In 1992, as a handsome 39-year-old Harvard Law graduate, Feingold got elected to the Senate from Wisconsin by promising to play clean and refusing to be bought by the political establishment. There's just one twist: at the end of the movie, Redford sells out to win; but in his first term, Feingold has remained the Senate Democrat who never stops calling for reform of the campaign-finance system, even demanding that his own President's fund raising be investigated by an independent counsel. Early this year he pledged to spend just \$3.8 million on his re-election—\$1 for every Wisconsin voter—and to turn away any Democratic Party soft money, which interest groups and corporations can donate in unlimited amounts. "I'd rather lose my Senate seat than play that game," he likes to say.

And that's just what may happen. Which is why Redford himself, in all his ruffled blue-eyed splendor, showed up in Madison, Wis., last week to stump for the candidate who most closely resembles *The Candidate*. "I don't do this very often," Redford told fellow party loyalists Wednesday night. "But I'm here because he believes in us." And because Feingold needs him desperately: the incumbent is currently lodged in a dead heat in his race against Republican Congressman Mark Neumann. The reason: Feingold not only limited his campaign spending and refused soft money; he also discouraged ads from advocacy groups attacking Neumann—positions consistent with the campaign-finance-reform bill he sponsored with Arizona's John McCain. Neumann, meanwhile, matched Feingold's pledge to hold down spending, but he happily allowed the C.O.P. to dump soft money into the race and to pulverize

Feingold with two months' worth of blistering attack ads. By the time Feingold aired his first response in September, paid for with hard money from his own campaign, the average Wisconsin voter had already seen 20 ads against him. Many are clever, but some are downright false. One blasts Feingold for supporting Clinton's \$16 billion stimulus package in 1993, and another for funding Russian space-monkey experiments—programs that Feingold actually opposed.

Feingold has done his best to take advantage of his iconoclastic campaign. He calls it "an experiment in American government," and has taken to pronouncing himself "the big underdog," targeted by a

money-loving Republican establishment. "They're dying to take the Feingold off McCain-Feingold," he says. Neumann, a former math teacher and homebuilder, argues that Feingold isn't the goody-goody he claims to be: over Feingold's objections, the League of Conservation Voters and the AFL-CIO have run a few advocacy ads criticizing Neumann. "It would be O.K. if he weren't such a hypocrite about it," says Neumann. "But he wants the Republican Party to go away and to leave the prim and proper Democrats alone." Last week Neumann, stuck in budget talks in Washington, excoriated Feingold for staying on the campaign trail. "Tell him to get off his dead butt and get the job done," he said.

The election may turn on how voters respond to such bile. Feingold says he plans to go "intensely positive" with his own advertising blitz in the next weeks, banking on backlash votes from reform-minded moderates turned off by Neumann's negative ads and the campaign-finance system that supports them.

Neumann, elected to Congress in 1994 as a number-crunching budget cutter, has aimed his recent TV spots at Feingold's vote against a ban on partial-birth abortions and at his opposition to a constitutional amendment outlawing flag burning. The idea is to whip social conservatives into a holy frenzy and get them to the polls, with the expectation that Monica-weary Democrats will stay home. "It's going to be won or lost on turnout," Neumann says. "And I've got to believe we're in pretty good shape there."

Campaigning last week, Feingold was confident that the impeachment wranglings would mobilize his people too. "The level of partisanship has made a number of Democrats who thought of not voting think they should come out and make a statement," he said. Having sworn off the money that would have funded a sophisticated media campaign, Feingold doesn't have much more to lean on. Last week he made a campaign stop at Robinson Elementary School in Beloit, Wis. Fewer than 20 people attended—some local party officials, a few teachers and a handful of kids whose parents were late to pick them up. Standing in front of the school, Feingold spoke for 10 minutes on his plans for reducing class sizes; a few more listeners trickled in. As Feingold went on, his voice could barely be heard above the steady stream of cars driving right by. ■



THE MONEY GAP

RUSS FEINGOLD

Hard money raised: **\$3,094,000**
 Estimated soft money accepted: **\$0**

"Not taking soft money is more important to me than being re-elected."

MARK NEUMANN

Hard money raised: **\$3,370,000**
 Estimated soft money accepted: **\$1,000,000**

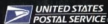
"It would be O.K. if he weren't such a hypocrite about it."



Looks like Santa's not the only one staffing up. This holiday, **Fly Like an Eagle.[®]**



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FOR THE KIDS: Reiner has spent \$1.1 million of his own money on Prop 10

violence prevention with big-spending liberalism, Reiner and his highly paid political consultants have cleverly lined up a cast of conservative backers. Former Senate candidate Michael Huffington and Los Angeles Republican mayor Richard Riordan are co-chairmen, and Pat Boone has posed for a G.O.P.-directed mailer. Indeed, the measure was crafted to avoid a "Big Government" label: it would apportion most of the tax revenue according to the number of births in each county and distribute it to commissions of unsalaried appointees named by local elected officials. "Prop 10 is antibureaucratic," intones Charlton Heston, the new president of the National Rifle Association, in a radio spot. "That's the kind of local control I support."

Reiner expects to spend \$6.3 million on Prop 10, including \$1.1 million of his own. Former Surgeon General C. Everett Koop has taped a TV spot. Groups including the American Lung Association and the California Medical Association have contributed funds and organizers. Hollywood heavies from Steven Spielberg to Robin Williams have given money; and Hillary Clinton has agreed to attend an L.A. fund raiser. "Prop 10 would utterly transform the well-being of small children across the state," says Peter Digre, director of the L.A. County Department of Child Welfare Services.

Polls show Prop 10 ahead 48% to 33%, with 19% undecided. If it passes, it will be another testament to the ability of an individual to affect the course of social policy in America's largest state. In 1978 Howard Jarvis transformed California's tax status with his Prop 13; last June computer magnate Ron Unz launched a successful initiative against bilingual education. Reiner is far from a dilettante. Four years ago, encouraged by Tipper Gore, he began an intensive study of child-

development policy. After consulting with experts, he launched his "I Am Your Child" foundation, produced a TV special on early brain development and promoted a federal bill that would have directed \$11 billion of the tobacco settlement to children's programs. Now he trudges from Rotary Clubs and newspaper editorial boards to the sets of Jay Leno and Roseanne promoting his ballot initiative. "I feel like the cavalry coming to the rescue," says Reiner. "The tobacco industry can buy politicians, but our hope is they can't buy the public." ■

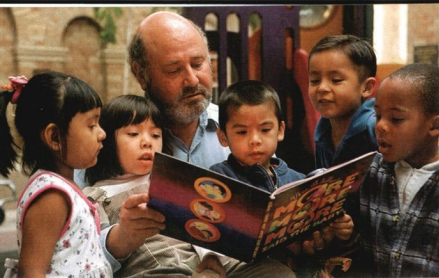


PHOTO BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

Meathead's Crusade

Rob Reiner has a star-studded bipartisan cast stumping for his tobacco-tax proposal in California

By MARGOT HORNBLOWER

IT IS MIDDAY IN A WINDOWLESS room in an office building south of the San Francisco airport, and the man once known as Meathead is perspiring. His beefy hands gesticulate and then clutch the podium as he confides his life story. "Twenty years ago," he says, "I had a tough time in my life. I got divorced. I went into therapy. Now I'm doing O.K. I have three kids, a good job." Pause. "A nice suit." The audience laughs on cue, and the former Meathead plunges on. "But the early experiences I had as a child directly affected how I functioned in life—in the workplace, with friends, with the opposite sex..."

It might seem to be show biz—all the more because the speaker is Rob Reiner, the onetime regular on *All in the Family* and now a renowned movie director. But the speech, before the American Heart Association, is only tangentially about Reiner's childhood. More directly, he is imploring his listeners to help get out the vote for Proposition 10, a California ballot initiative that would tax tobacco to fund programs for preschoolers. "Politicians like to say children are the future," Reiner says, "but what have they done for them? Everyone knows that the first three years of life is when the brain develops. We must give every child a good start."

Reiner, 51, is author and chief promoter of one of the more ambitious pieces of social legislation ever crafted on a state level. Picking up where the U.S. Congress left off when a proposed \$368 billion federal to-

bacco lawsuit settlement was killed in June, Prop 10 would add a 50¢ tax to each pack of cigarettes sold in California. The money, up to \$700 million a year, would be channeled into antitobacco programs and early-childhood health and education. The higher prices would result in an estimated 25% drop in smoking—and consequent savings in the state's \$7 billion annual cost of tobacco-related disease, according to the American Cancer Society.

The tobacco companies, fearing that Prop 10 could set a precedent for other states, have mobilized a Committee Against Unfair Taxes, which is expected to spend more than \$20 million for television ads and direct mail. "You know it's easy to vote against tobacco," coos a comely blond from her suburban kitchen in one TV spot. "But if you're against higher taxes and bigger bureaucracy, vote no on Prop 10." Last week, tobacco companies were busy faxing around an endorsement from the Los Angeles *Times*' political columnist. "So Big Brother, what's next?" wrote George Skelton. "A surtax on beer? Red meat? American cheddar?"

But just in case some voters associate such initiatives as prenatal nutrition, day care, parental education and domestic-



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CHINA'S MISSING

By **TERRY MCCARTHY** SHANGHAI

WHEN POWERFUL MEN FLY TOO close to the sun, two things can happen: they modify their course, or they come crashing down.

China's most daring high-flyer, Premier Zhu Rongji, has come very close. He likes the altitude—it energizes him—and over the past five years he has seemed to defy gravity as he pushed his country's economic reforms further and faster than anyone thought possible. To his many admirers at home and overseas, he was the enlightened mandarin who single-handedly could break through the red tape and propel China's economy into the next century. Even Asia's debilitating economic crisis didn't seem to faze Zhu. In March he laid out a program for China to make its state-owned firms profitable, restructure its debt-ridden banking system, halve the bureaucracy and privatize the housing market—all by the year 2000.

But six months later, "Zhu-phoria" has disappeared and there is an unmistakable odor of scorched feathers in Beijing: Zhu has hit his ceiling. With the negative G-force of some 200 million unemployed pulling at him, a sharp decline in exports and foreign investment, a change-resistant culture of corruption, and an unfriendly economic environment in the rest of Asia, Zhu has been forced to reverse or put on hold all his key reform policies. Mounting reports of labor unrest around the country terrified his comrades in the leadership, whose fear of *luan-chaos*—approaches the phobic. "With no functioning social-welfare net," argues a

Chinese economist, Zhu's reforms were "suicidal."

There has been no open criticism of the man known simply as "the Boss." Yet sometimes silence is more ominous. At a meeting of the Communist Party leadership last week in Beijing, the official topic for discussion was improving farmers' welfare. (The issue may seem mundane, but China has 800 million citizens living on farms, so agricultural reform remains essential.) The issue of preventing state industry and the entire banking system from disappearing into a black hole was not

mentioned in the final communiqué, but Zhu's once ambitious plans are still the subject of a fierce backroom debate. Everyone knows where the buck stops in China's economy—not least Zhu, who, before he became Premier in March, coined his own version of the motto Harry Truman used: "I have 100 coffins—99 for corrupt bureaucrats and one for myself."

The first hint of backtracking came in July, when the government officially denounced "the wrong trend of selling small state-owned enterprises" because too many workers were being laid off by the new

private owners. Instead banks were told to continue making "policy loans" to factories showing losses, in order to keep people at work. So much for bank reform. Then it became clear that the removal of state subsidies on rents (the average Chinese family pays \$25 a month for housing) would be indefinitely postponed because free-market housing prices were too high.

The steely hand of control is also reaching back out into the political arena. The upbeat talk of new openness during the Clinton visit in June has fallen silent. Surveillance of dissidents has been increased, and in September police detained activists in four provinces for trying to legally register the China Democratic Party, which would have been the country's first opposition political group. Last week President Jiang Zemin issued a call to improve Communist Party control at the village level. This was a far cry from the village elections China holds, sometimes hinting that they are the first step toward democracy.

If the summer's slowdown has forced Zhu to eat humble pie, few are gloating. In the long



ZHU RONGJI

THE PLAN Modernize China's economy by reforming its housing market, cleaning up banks and liquidating state-owned enterprises

THE RETREAT Increases loans to decrepit factories and rolls back new housing plans

PIECES

Cowed by Asia's economic meltdown and corruption, Beijing's leaders slow their ambitious reforms

run the success of the reforms is simply too important for China and the world—including American investors and the U.S. government. The obstacles are immense. The Asian crisis came at a bad time, but many of the other problems are home grown, starting with a pervasive climate of corruption and a lack of basic business know-how.

"Zhu Rongji is a good man, honest, with good ideas," says a mid-level government official in Suzhou, a city 50 miles west of Shanghai. "But even he is too weak to take on all the problems in China."

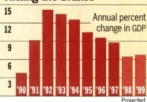
The official then details the extent of corruption, inefficient industry, nepotism and financial chaos that plague his city, a microcosm of the mess China is in. Top cadres routinely "steal" houses for their children, he says, while others divert business loans to their own accounts and then walk away from the repayments. "It goes right to the top. The local party secretary's office was so expensively decorated—they say it cost \$200 per square meter—that it was better than President Jiang Zemin's office. So when Jiang came for a visit, they had to arrange a meeting in a hotel instead."

The extent of corruption at a national level emerged last week in a report on the state purchase of grain. Out of a total of \$65 billion set aside to buy grain from farmers since 1992, \$25 billion—40%—had disappeared. Investigators found that much of the missing money had gone into luxury condominiums, futures trading and the pur-

chase of cars and mobile phones—the kind of graft that makes the short-tempered Zhu go ballistic.

Asia's rocky economics remains a problem. With China's exports down 6.7% last month and foreign investment predicted to shrink 30% for the year, the government has embarked on a huge program of domestic spending to stimulate demand. "It is the old pattern in China—three steps forward and two steps back," says Joe Zhang, head of China research for HSBC Securities in Hong Kong. "At the

Hitting the Brakes



moment we are backtracking." Says Andy Xie, chief China economist for Morgan Stanley Dean Witter in Hong Kong: "If they continue, they will end up renationalizing the economy. And that is not the way China needs to go."

If Zhu's meteoric rise—from tending livestock during a period of disgrace in the 1970s to being the country's top economic czar in the '90s—mirrors China's stunning growth over the past two decades, his future looks as turbulent as the economy overall. Insiders say his position is secure for the time being, not least because nobody in his right mind would aspire to take over

the economic portfolio now. But if the economy keeps worsening, Zhu's joke about building his own coffin could come back to haunt him.

Zhu has no natural constituency to support him—neither in the military nor in the provincial party system nor in the central bureaucracy. Explains David Shambaugh, a China expert at George Washington University and the Brookings Institution: "Zhu has stepped on a lot of toes to get to the top, and he's alienated a lot of people. He has numerous vulnerabilities."

According to a source close to his family, the Premier is still calm and "far from panicking," although he is concerned about the health of the American economy, since the U.S. is one of China's key trading partners. A visit to Washington is on the books for next spring. One thing Zhu may have in common with his probable host in the White House: a pair of visibly clipped wings.

—With reporting by Jaime A. FlorCruz and Mia Turner/Beijing



JIANG ZEMIN

THE PLAN Begin to slowly open China's political process by allowing limited village elections and some free expression

THE RETREAT Orders a political clampdown to combat growing unrest; calls for a stronger Communist Party

Sources: Asian Development Bank; G.K. Goh Securities (Hong Kong)

Beats in mind

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We all share the
world they run through.

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OCT. 8, 1998 HEATHROW AIRPORT

The Russians don't want air strikes, but Foreign Minister Igor Ivanov hints at an offer: Moscow will look the other way if the U.S. doesn't seek U.N. approval. "Ivanov has done us a huge favor," Holbrooke says to Secretary of State Madeleine Albright. "He's taken the Russians out of the game."



OCT. 9, 1998 BELGRADE, YUGOSLAVIA

Among Holbrooke's allies: Air Force Lieut. General Michael Short, a Vietnam vet who now picks Balkan targets. "So you're the man who's going to bomb us," Milosevic chided Short. Replied the general: "I've got B-52s in one hand, U-2s in the other. I'll use whichever I'm asked to use."

WORLD

HOLBROOKE'S NEXT MISSION

After striking a deal on Kosovo, Holbrooke faces the tough task of getting his U.N. appointment through the Senate

By DOUGLAS WALLER

IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE A PLACE MORE different from dreary Belgrade. In an eighth-floor apartment above New York City's Central Park West, Richard Holbrooke slumps into a soft couch in his book-lined study to recount his latest diplomatic adventure. Sipping a Diet Coke and fielding phone calls while he talks, Holbrooke is clearly a man wired by more than caffeine. Back from the Balkans fewer than three days—and with a fragile peace in hand—he is answering calls of congratulations and patching up some final diplomatic work.

As the world turns its attention from Kosovo, Holbrooke is switching his focus to the political intrigue of Washington, where his nomination to be United Nations ambassador awaits. Stalled by a probe into al-

legations that he made improper contacts with U.S. officials while working as an investment banker, and overshadowed by the political dominance of Senator Jesse Helms, Holbrooke may face a set of enmities in Washington almost as complex as those that cleave Kosovo.

Holbrooke is, of course, used to a little conflict. He emerged as America's trouble-shooting ambassador back in 1995, when he brokered the Bosnian peace. With a long diplomatic pedigree—his first job was working for the State Department in Vietnam—he has brought personality to the gray world of diplomacy. Most prospective nominees would have stayed far out of sight for fear of doing anything that might have spoiled their chances. Holbrooke, however, accepted the high-profile assignment to try to stop the killing in Kosovo. The dangers were substantial: a blown peace agreement could

wreck his nomination. But for all his personal splinters—critics accuse him of being too ambitious and a publicity hog—Holbrooke has a real willingness to take risks.

Holbrooke's Balkan ballet this month was a pretty good indicator of why he thrives on such high-octane politics—and why even his critics give him credit for being steel-stiff under pressure. He is, for instance, an expert in the art of intimidation—an essential tool when dealing with Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic. When Holbrooke arrived in Belgrade on Oct. 5, as NATO planners began to tune up a massive strike against the Serbian forces in Kosovo, Milosevic had the gall to challenge Holbrooke with a small joke. "Are you Americans crazy enough to bomb us over our security police?" he asked. "Yeah," Holbrooke quietly replied, "we are." The deal he won in Belgrade, which calls for a Serbian pullback and 2,000 "verifiers" to help assure a peace, comes from Holbrooke's understanding of how the Serb leaders think, a process of brutal rationality.

He also knows the human cost of all this violence. One night two weeks ago, Holbrooke and Christopher Hill, U.S. ambassador to Macedonia, arrived in Pristina, Kosovo's capital, to brief ethnic Albanian leaders on the talks. Holbrooke was exhausted, and emotion percolated into his tired brain as he considered the consequences of a failed negotiation. "We may not see you again before the bombing starts," Holbrooke soberly told Albanian dissident leader Ibrahim Rugova. A quiet settled over the group. Hill said under

his breath. "We may never see you again."

Holbrooke has always married his passion for diplomacy with pragmatism. Nowhere was that more vivid than in his fight this fall to secure his nomination to the U.N. post. Clinton picked him for the job in June but then delayed the nomination after State Department inspectors received an anonymous letter, suspected to be from a disgruntled employee, that accused Holbrooke of having had improper contacts with State Department officials after he became vice chairman of *Crédit Suisse First Boston* in 1996.

Holbrooke responded to the accusations with a blitz of information. Aides insisted that Holbrooke did keep up contacts with the department but only because Clinton had recalled him to negotiate disputes in Bosnia. And in private, Holbrooke's powerful friends strongly put out the word that he was clean. Sources close to the investigation tell *TIME* that the Justice Department has so far reached the same conclusion, and is expected to report soon that there were no violations. And something else as well: "He's a hero now," says a State Department aide. "It's hard to attack someone like that."

Hero or not, Holbrooke's future is still tied in many ways to this latest agreement. Congress won't take up his nomination until the beginning of next year, and by then he may have more explaining to do on the Kosovo deal. Critics complain that Milosevic wasn't pinned down on exactly how many soldiers and policemen he'll pull out, and the autonomy he promises for the province won't satisfy Kosovo's embittered ethnic Albanians. NATO vows to punish him militarily if he cheats, but the threat may prove hollow with 2,000 unarmed civilian monitors on the ground. "As long as we have 2,000 potential hostages in Kosovo, our leverage against Milosevic is severely reduced," complains Ivo Daalder, a former Clinton expert on the Balkans. And the deal remains shaky: late last week NATO granted Milosevic extra time to move his troops out of Kosovo. Another delay could obliterate Holbrooke's truce.

But as winter settles on both the Balkans and Central Park West, Holbrooke has clearly engineered the kind of delicate success that makes up the work of most international politics. The best diplomacy drives the ideals of nations and the demands of their interests into durable agreements that are a mixture of passion and pragmatism. The Kosovo truce may or may not emerge as such a balance. But Holbrooke's personal blend—a temperament that is almost exactly as rational as it is bold—may yet see him into the U.N.

—With reporting by

Massimo Calabresi/Belgrade



NOT SO IMMUNE AFTER ALL: Pinochet after his controversial elevation as Senator in March

A Knocking at Midnight

In London for medical treatment, Chile's ex-dictator finds himself arrested to face old charges of murder

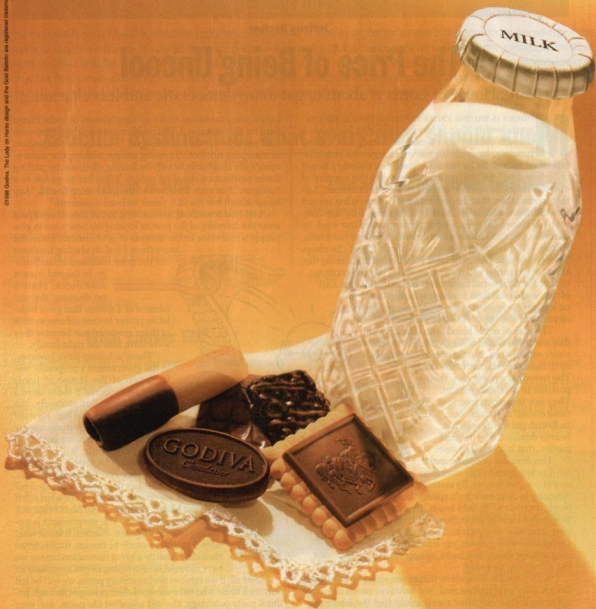
BEFORE HE GAVE UP POWER TO A DEMOCRATICALLY ELECTED GOVERNMENT IN 1990, former Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet Ugarte erected a legal fortress around himself. His 17 years of iron-fisted, right-wing military rule had been blamed for the death or disappearance of 3,400 suspected communists and leftists, not to mention the torture of thousands of others. With that legacy hanging over his head, Pinochet rammed through an array of constitutional measures that made him immune to prosecution, including a lifetime Senator's seat that he took amid widespread protest last March, when he retired as an army general. "The locks and bolts made him untouchable," says Christian Democratic Congressman Andrés Palma. "And he believed they would accompany him wherever he went in the world."

They didn't. Late last Friday night, while still recovering from surgery in London for a herniated disc, Pinochet, 82, was awakened by police and told that he was under arrest. A Spanish court, which has been trying Pinochet in absentia for allegedly ordering the execution of leftist Spaniards living in Chile in the 1970s, had issued an extradition warrant days earlier. Scotland Yard detectives said Pinochet, who is being held at the London Clinic, would eventually appear at an extradition hearing before a British magistrate. The move stunned Pinochet's boosters and critics alike, making it clear that the wounds caused by his regime are as open as ever. Waking to the news last Saturday morning, the families of Pinochet's victims in Santiago declared that his arrest had "broken the cycle of impunity."

That might be a premature verdict, however. As a Chilean Senator, Pinochet was traveling with a diplomatic passport. Though the government of Chile's President, Christian Democrat Eduardo Frei Ruiz-Tagle, is hardly a Pinochet ally, it had little choice but to protest formally "what it considers a violation of the diplomatic immunity that Senator Pinochet enjoys," and demanded "an early end of this situation." But the British Foreign Office argued that such immunity would apply only if Pinochet had been on a diplomatic mission. Last weekend Pinochet's allies in Congress were scrambling to determine if his visit had any official purpose beyond his operation at London Bridge Hospital.

In Chile almost half the citizenry still revere Pinochet as a strong leader who saved the nation from economic and political collapse after his bloody U.S.-backed 1973 coup, in which leftist President Salvador Allende was killed. Since becoming a Senator, he has tried to project a more benign, grandfatherly image. But in countries like the U.S., where Pinochet assassins executed one of his exiled opponents in 1976, he's unlikely to get much sympathy. "The international community is sending a very positive signal for democracy and human rights," says Palma. Retired Chilean army General Luis Cortés Villa, head of the Pinochet Foundation, called the London arrest "an act of cowardice" for roasting Pinochet out of bed at midnight in his frail condition. Perhaps, but compared with the brutal days of Pinochet's rule, it seemed civilized enough.

—By Tim Padgett. With reporting by Helen Gibson/London and Elizabeth Love/Santiago



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The Price of Being Uncool

Britain's House of Lords is about to get more democratic and less charming

MODERN IS BRITISH PRIME MINISTER TONY BLAIR'S favorite word. Blair is forever telling us he wants a modern country with a modern democracy. Unfortunately, he finds himself in charge of a very old-fashioned nation. So he has set himself the visionary target of "rebranding" Britain. Instead of enjoying this country of nice old things, he wants to create a new "cool Britannia." Little surprise, then, that his passion for the modern has spread upward from Britain's House of Commons into the 700-year-old House of Lords. Under plans unveiled last week by Baroness Jay, the Labour government's leader of the Lords, Britain's 700 hereditary peers are about to get the chop. Twenty-one generations of Lord Fauntleroy's influencing the affairs of the nation will come to an end. They will continue to have the right to call themselves Baron this and the Earl of that, and so will their firstborn sons. But they will no longer be admitted to the gold-and-crimson chamber of the upper house of Parliament.

The idea of noble blood is an anachronism that most of us would willingly ditch as we enter a new millennium. But there is a certain nobility in the independence of the Lords. The hereditary peers owe their position to no living person. They are therefore free to think and act as they choose. In British public life, which is heavily dominated by political parties, that is a valuable asset.

This does not, of course, make the Lords a particularly energetic arm of the government. By one count, listening to Baroness Jay's speech last week, there were 76 bald heads, 16 mustaches, five walking sticks, three ear trumpets and one eye patch. The Earl of Longford, who carries an enormous magnifying glass, has been sitting in the Lords for 53 years.

Such a deeply unmodern institution must be top of the list for Blair's reforming zeal. But however much one may agree with him, one must surely admit that the Lords provide a venerable spectacle, full of idiosyncratic character. The sight of the Lord Chancellor in all his forbidding finery, slumped on the woolsack adjusting his wig, listening intently to the sound of sweet and reasoned discourse (mixed with the occasional grunt and snore) is civilized, faintly amusing and surprisingly effective in terms of its legislative product.

All right, this may all be very old-fashioned, but these Lords have one quality that is inspiring and not at all modern: they are remarkably wise. Evidence? They will indeed vote for the abolition of all their privileges. This will be a very British, very stiff-upper-lip revolution. The Lords—who vote by crying "Content!" or "Not content!"—will feel profoundly disoriented, and yet will say the opposite.

Of course, there will be one or two rebels, and they will

have a few procedural tricks up their sleeves to make things hard for Baroness Jay. Chief rabble rouser will be the seventh Earl of Onslow, who has declared, "I will have no hesitation in stamping my foot, throwing stones, making the government's life absolutely beastly by forcing divisions, by putting down motions on standing orders. What fun to go out as a hooligan." But even Onslow had the good sense to add, "Any house which has me in it needs its head examined."

I do find something exhilarating in the idea of sweeping away the cobwebs of the past, of looking for new ways to give people a real voice in the process of government. Yet at the same time, I feel an abiding fondness

for the great traditions of our history. In the end, reason must decide. There is

no denying the unfairness of a system that gives legislative power to men (of course 98% of them are men) just because they were born into the right family.

There is a deep flaw, however, in the government's proposals. Reformation of the House of Lords would be welcome if there were a coherent plan. But strangely, the government is rushing forward with Stage 1 before even discussing Stage 2. "That will come later," we are told mysteriously. Will it? Or will the government be tempted to forget about complex constitutional reforms, so long as it has the majority it requires?

When we do eventually reform what is left of the house, what will it be like? What will it do? Nobody knows. The government is unwilling even to discuss it. Nor will it say at what date it might be ready to discuss it. Surely we shouldn't destroy a great institution before we have thought of something better to replace it?

After all, if we remove the hereditary peers, we will be left only with those who have received their peerages through political party patronage, the 492 so-called life peers. And over the next few years, the Labour government will be tempted to pack the upper house with more and more of its own supporters—"Tony's cronies," as some would have it. It could be come a palace of unelected hacks and dogsbodies, unlikely to provide independent and considered advice. There is at least some legitimacy in ancient tradition; there will be none in the short-term political convenience of the executive.

Sadly for some, I am not about to be abolished. I am one of the life peers who will remain after the hereditary peer are gone. Perhaps I should relish the removal of the "Ol Guard." But I don't.

LORD JEFFREY ARCHER is a novelist and Conservative Party politician; he is also a likely candidate for mayor of London



Most men will have an isolated erection problem at some time in their lives, but for others it happens more frequently. If the inability to respond naturally to your partner has become a recurring problem, you may be suffering from a treatable medical condition called erectile dysfunction (ED), also known as impotence. The following questions and answers are designed to give you a brief introduction to the causes of ED and the various treatment options available. If you believe you are suffering from ED, or want to know more about the condition, talk to your doctor or other healthcare professional.

Erectile dysfunction: what every man should know

What is ED?

Erectile dysfunction is the consistent inability to achieve and/or maintain an erection sufficient for satisfactory sexual activity. That means not just an occasional problem, but one that has been occurring repeatedly for a period of time. It's a widespread condition, shared by approximately 30 million men in the United States.

What causes ED?

It was once believed that ED is all in your head, or just an inevitable result of getting older. Actually, the majority of ED cases are associated with physical conditions or events, including some that are age-related. The most common risk factors for ED include:

- Diabetes, high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, or high cholesterol
- Injury or illness, such as spinal cord injury, multiple sclerosis, depression, stroke, or surgery for the prostate or colon
- Medications that may bring about ED as an unwanted side effect
- Cigarette smoking or alcohol/drug abuse
- Psychological conditions, such as anxiety and stress

If you want to know more about ED, talk to your doctor.

Can erectile dysfunction be treated?

Yes. The good news is that, regardless of the cause, the vast majority of ED cases are treatable. Patients have a variety of treatment options from which to choose, including oral medication, hand-held vacuum pumps, self-administered injections, pellet suppositories, and surgical implants.

Can anyone use these treatments?

It's important to remember that these treatments are not for everyone, but only for men diagnosed with ED. You and your doctor can determine the appropriate treatment for you. Because sexual activity can be demanding on the heart, you should talk to your doctor before using any treatment for ED.

How do I know if I have ED?

If you have erection problems, you probably already know it. But before your condition can be treated, you need to be diagnosed by your doctor. There is no need to be embarrassed or ashamed when discussing ED with your doctor. He or she has probably diagnosed and treated ED many times. Your doctor can provide you with understanding, support, and best of all, information.

To diagnose ED, doctors typically ask a few specific questions and give a routine physical exam. This should help your doctor arrive at a diagnosis. Before starting any treatment for ED, ask your doctor if your heart is healthy enough to handle the extra strain of having sex.

Based on this information, you and your doctor will decide on the treatment that is best for you.

REMEMBER:

ED is a common medical condition.

It's not an inevitable result of growing older.

ED is treatable with a variety of methods.

Only your doctor can prescribe the appropriate treatment.

SLICE, DICE AN

Papa John's uses sweet-tasting sauce and tangy ads to win market share in

By JOHN GREENWALD

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A RED-HOT PEPPERONI when rivals attack you and employees tremble whenever you come around. A visit from John Schnatter, the perfectionist CEO of the fast-growing Papa John's International pizza chain, makes "the hair stand up on the back of your neck," says Tracy Friedlein, who manages a company-owned pizzeria in Louisville, Ky. "You run to do everything to prove yourself." But Pizza Hut chief Mike Rawlings, who has brought a federal lawsuit charging that Papa John's "better ingredients, better pizza" campaign is false and misleading, sees Schnatter in a harsher light. "They have been spreading misconceptions about us," Rawlings says. "We've got to let the truth be known."

In the \$22 billion pizza industry, in which the thickness of tomato sauce and the texture of dough can be all-consuming passions, the truth these days is that Papa John's has been eating everyone else's lunch. The company has nearly doubled its market share in the past two years, to 4.1%—grabbing away business from No. 1 Pizza Hut and No. 3 Little Caesars and battling delivery king Domino's. Papa John's (1997 sales: \$868 million) is the only one of the four largest pizza chains whose slice of the pie has grown at double-digit rates over the past five years. Profits? Papa John's earnings jumped 45% last year and are on track for at least a 30% increase in 1998, even as Schnatter opens units at the furious pace of a store a day. "Papa John's has been an incredible success story," says Mitchell Speiser, who watches the restaurant industry for Lehman Brothers. "They have done a great job of emerging out of nowhere."

Schnatter, 36, who gets visibly excited when talking about the sugar-acid ratio in

his pizza, which gives Papa John's pies a distinctively sweet flavor, puts simplicity above all else. Pizza Hut offers more variety; Domino's stresses fast delivery; and Little Caesars sells the least expensive pies. Papa John's has no seating, offers just two types of pizza—no salads, sandwiches or buffalo wings—and remakes any pies that rate less than an 8 on the company's 10-point scale. If the cheese shows a single air bubble or the crust is not golden brown, to give just two examples, out the offender goes. This obsessive attention to detail has helped earn Papa John's the title of best U.S. pizza chain in surveys conducted by *Restaurants and Institutions* magazine for

the past two years. (A highly unscientific taste test by members of TIME's New York City staff also gave Papa John's the highest marks among the four major pizza chains.)

Papa John's record is all the more impressive in view of the sluggish growth of the pizza market, which has reached a mature middle age. (Legend traces the modern mass industry to the appetites of Americans after World War II, when G.I.s who had been stationed in Italy returned with enthusiastic tales of open-faced cheese pies.) While Americans consume pizza at the rate of 350 slices a second, the market for restaurant pizzas has been growing just 2% a year. Yet Papa John's customers keep

LITTLE CAESARS

The value leader's new come-on is two pies for \$10.99. But despite grabby "Pizzai Pizzai" ads and 4,825 stores, sales have been flat for three years

MARKET SHARE: 8.4%

PAPA JOHN'S

A zeal for perfectionism and rapid expansion of its 1,784 stores make this upstart the growth champion of the industry

MARKET SHARE: 4.1%



D DEVOUR

the pizza wars. Can anyone stoppa the Papa?

coming back for more. So far this year, Papa John's sales in stores open more than a year—a crucial test of health in the business—have grown a strong 9.2%, one of the best showings in the restaurant industry. Now Schnatter has his sights on loftier goals. "The stage is set for us to become the No. 1 pizza brand in the world," he told throngs of enthusiastic Papa John's managers in Dallas and Denver two weeks ago.

If that sounds like overreaching, for Schnatter it's nothing new. As a 5-ft. 6-in. high school shortstop in Jeffersonville, Ind., Schnatter vowed to become the best player at his position in the history of

his school. Rising at 5 a.m. to lift weights and work out with the swim team, he set a record for fewest errors that stands today. (He brings a similar ardor to his current golf game, meticulously studying videotapes of his swing.) At the same time, Schnatter baked pizza at Rocky's Sub Pub, a neighborhood hangout, where he learned to make fresh dough. "That had to be where he got his basics from," says Pat Reel, a current Rocky's manager. "You can't just say, 'Here's the recipe, go do it.' There's a knack to it."

Schnatter perfected that knack while tending bar in Jeffersonville after graduating in three years from Ball State Universi-



SCHNATTER: A cut above the rest?

ty. He took a sledgehammer to a broom closet and knocked out space for a small pizza kitchen, which soon grew into a business that became Papa John's in 1985 and went public in 1993. But his demanding manner was not to everyone's taste. No fewer than five top executives, including the company's president, quit in 1995 and 1996, in part because of Schnatter's brusque management style. Says Cheryl Bachelder, executive vice president for marketing at Domino's: "He's flamboyant, highly confident and very impressed with his own success."

Small wonder. Schnatter's 24% stake in Papa John's is worth some \$250 million. (Papa John's stock tripled from 1993 to 1997 but has recently been down some 20% from its 52-week high.) Schnatter and his wife

and three children live in a brick-and-stone mansion set on nearly 16 landscaped acres in suburban Louisville, Ky. One neighbor Schnatter probably doesn't call on: David Novak, the former boss of Pizza Hut and current president and vice chairman of Pizza Hut parent Tricon Global Restaurants, who lives not far away.

Pizza Hut (1997 sales: \$4.7 billion), which has a 22% share of the pizza market and four times as many stores as Papa John's, has been busily boosting quality and shutting down poorly performing stores. Under pressure from Papa John's, Pizza Hut spent \$50 million last year to roll out what it called Totally New Pizzas, featuring thicker tomato sauce, fresh sliced vegetables and meatier toppings. Meanwhile, Pizza Hut has closed 250 stores since PepsiCo spun it and siblings Taco Bell and KFC into Tricon last year. The new strategy pushed Pizza Hut's same-store sales up a strong 9% in the second

DOMINO'S

The delivery king stresses speedy service at its 4,486 locations. New bags are designed to keep pies piping hot

MARKET SHARE: 11.7%

PIZZA HUT

No. 1 has freshened its menu and shut underperforming stores, leaving it with 7,200. But this less-is-more strategy limits company growth

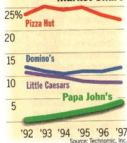
MARKET SHARE: 22.2%



quarter, although the company said last week the pace slowed to 4% in the third quarter. "Pizza Hut has generated very strong results since the spin-off," says Speiser. Nonetheless, "as Pizza Hut continues to focus on building sales within its existing pizza operations, Papa John's will continue to gain market share."

That prospect has made Papa John's cheeky "better ingredients" claims particularly galling to the Pizza Hut high command. Taking its cue from Pizza Hut's own challenge to customers to find a

Gobbling Market Share



better pizza, Papa John's twitted its rival for using tomato sauce made from yucky-sounding "remanufactured paste." To rub in more salt, Papa John's called on Pizza Hut co-founder Frank Carney, who sold the chain to PepsiCo in 1977 and now owns more than 70 Papa

John's franchises, to declare in television spots, "Sorry, guys, I found a better pizza." Schnatter professes to be delighted that Pizza Hut responded angrily with a lawsuit, which he calls a publicity stunt. "They took the bait," Schnatter says. "We're now a player."

In fact, Pizza Hut has scored some points of its own. Schnatter concedes that Papa John's sauce comes from canned rather than fresh tomatoes—Pizza Hut's sauce is packed in sealed plastic bags—and that Papa John's mushrooms are canned. (Pizza Hut's are fresh.) An unembarrassed Schnatter is switching to fresh mushrooms throughout the Papa John's chain. "I prefer canned mushrooms," he says with a straight face. "But the consumer prefers fresh."

When it comes to the growth of his company, Schnatter says Papa John's has only begun to expand. Carney alone plans to open at least 600 new stores. To accommodate such whopping increases, Papa John's recently opened a doughmaking commissary in Portland, Ore. It is building another in Pittsburgh, Pa., and plans to add still another in Nevada, which will bring its total to 12. "Now we can get to everywhere in the U.S. and build out," Schnatter says. "We are becoming a national brand." That will give Schnatter even more restaurants to drop in on—and more general managers to keep hopping. —Reported by *Aixa M. Pascual/Louisville* and *Marc Hequet/St. Paul*

A Tale of Pizza, Pride and Piety

DOMINO'S FOUNDER TOM MONAGHAN, 61, HAS ALWAYS BEEN A LARGER-than-life contradiction. He made a fortune pioneering a no-frills pizza-delivery business, then nearly squandered it on his own ostentatious life-style. He struggled for years to rebuild his empire and finally succeeded. Then last month he walked away from it all for the second, and presumably final, time by selling his family's 90% stake in Domino's for an estimated \$1 billion to a private investment firm called Bain Capital.

The sale marked the end of one of the most colorful and controversial stewardships of a pizza company—or for that matter any other type of business. Monaghan, a devout Roman Catholic and an antiabortion crusader, has for years been drifting away from Domino's, which he founded with his brother in 1960, toward charitable pursuits at home and in foreign countries. He has opened a mission in Honduras and supervised construction of a cathedral in Nicaragua. More recently Monaghan has bankrolled Catholic elementary schools in Ann Arbor, Mich., and a Catholic liberal arts college in nearby Ypsilanti. "He loves his charities," says daughter Maggie, a Domino's spokeswoman. "He wanted to leave before he becomes too old to enjoy the benefits of his charity work."

NICHOLAS TOWNSEND/PHOTO—GETTY IMAGES




TOM MONAGHAN
A pizza baron and a devout Catholic who in 1960 launched the Domino's chain
DREAMED OF
Becoming a priest and an architect
INFLUENCED BY
Mere Christianity by C.S. Lewis
PLANS TO
"Die broke"

Monaghan was long known more for self-indulgence than for selflessness. He amassed a gaudy mix of Bugatti autos, Frank Lloyd Wright drawings and artifacts, and a dream ranch in Ann Arbor where herds of buffalo roamed. Monaghan explained those sprees as compensation for the fact that his mother abandoned him at the age of four to foster homes and an orphanage. As owner of the Detroit Tigers, he liked to swoop down on home games in his helicopter. He once considered building a 35-story slanted tower dubbed—what else?—the Leaning Tower of Pizza.

Yet none of those extravaganzas really made him happy. So in 1989 Monaghan took a two-year leave from Domino's to devote himself to Catholic charities and soon began to dump his toys. (The Tigers went to Little Caesars owner Michael Ilitch in 1992 for \$85 million.) "The most of the time I was buying things to get attention, to have people notice me," Monaghan once remarked. "That's the sin of pride, the worst sin of all, and I'm the guiltiest person."

When a debt-laden Domino's foundered in 1992, Monaghan returned to restructure the company and revive its fortunes. Domino's falling market share turned up again, and its worldwide sales have grown impressively—from \$2.2 billion in 1993 to \$3.2 billion last year. In his farewell letter to employees, Monaghan wrote—with perhaps a touch of pride—that the new owners of Domino's "are not buying a company in crisis, needing change to survive." Not at all. For years it was the flamboyant Monaghan himself who was in crisis, making his departure from Domino's only the latest in a string of soulful changes.

—By Ron Stodghill II



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More Power to You

Once meant for hard-core athletes, energy bars are now marketed to everyone. Is that a good thing?

By ADAM COHEN

THEY BECKON FROM SUPERMARKET-check-out racks with alluring packaging and absurdly tasty-sounding flavors: chocolate banana split, java chip, mocha latte swirl. But unlike candy and cookies, energy bars have staked out the nutritional high ground. They promise guilt-free bursts of energy and obscure but seemingly healthful extras—antioxidants, “fast-burn nutrition technology” and, in the breathless words of one, “31,000 mg amino acids!”

No wonder Americans are eating them up. Energy-bar sales are expected to hit \$500 million in 1998, up 40% in a year. And they have moved from the retail fringe—health-food stores and bike shops—to become a grocery and convenience-store staple. When Balance Bar, the fastest-growing barmaker, went public last spring, Wall Street tagged it with a “buy” rating and predicted soaring revenues. Industry optimists are hoping that energy bars will eventually match the \$2 billion-a-year sales of sport drinks like Gatorade.

Energy bars were invented with hard-core athletes in mind. Brian Maxwell, distance-running coach at the University of California, Berkeley, and his wife Jennifer cooked up the first PowerBars in their kitchen in 1983. They were looking for a performance-enhancing food that marathoners could scarf down late in a race. The Maxwells made a bar that was about 45% complex carbohydrates and only 10% fat. But the trade-off was losing some foodlike qualities: PowerBars have a rubbery texture that can take some getting used to.

Today energy bars are increasingly being targeted to weekend warriors and office workers. They're pitched as

a way to eat breakfast on the run or to dose up with a burst of energy late in the workday—to help, as PowerBar says, with “life’s daily marathons.” But as they enter the mainstream, many are dropping the ascetic rubber-brick ethos in favor of more savory—and fat-laden—formulas that appeal to a wider market.

The upshot is that energy bars today are a mixed bag. At the stoic extreme is MET-Rx, the nation’s No. 3-selling brand, whose carb- and protein-heavy bars have

40% of the zinc, copper, chromium and magnesium you need in a day, along with a boatload of vitamins and almost no fat. But even MET-Rx concedes that its chalky bars are no treat. “If you’re virtuous, you’re going to trade off taste,” says MET-Rx CEO Len Moskovits. “Try chewing on a vitamin pill—it doesn’t taste that good.” Pure Protein’s slightly medicinal-tasting bars pack an impressive 31 grams of protein, more than in a McDonald’s Quarter Pounder.

At the gourmet end of the spectrum, the eating gets better. Clif Bars, the taste standard of the category, are sweet and chewy, just a bit denser than a granola bar. And Balance Bars make a decent stand-in for a candy bar. The trouble is that the taste comes at a price. A honey-peanut Balance Bar has 200 calories and six grams of fat—that’s twice the calories of a banana and six times the fat. Balance Bar says 30% fat is ideal, but many nutritionists say it’s too high. Clif’s cookies ‘n cream packs in 250 calories, more than a Nestlé’s Crunch bar.

As sales have taken off, energy-bar makers are avidly extending their brands. PowerBar has introduced PowerGel, a liquid goo for athletes who don’t have time to chew. But many of the new products cater to consumers’ baser instincts. Balance Bar has a new larger-energy bar with 300 calories and more than a quarter of the saturated fat you need in a day. Even the purists at PowerBar have rolled out a better-tasting Harvest line, with twice the fat of the original. Maxwell diplomatically calls them a “recognition that people want a complete eating experience.”

Nutritionists say energy bars can be part of a healthy diet. But they worry about the “Snackwell phenomenon.” As with Nabisco’s tasty low-fat cookies, consumers may be so blinded by the health claims that they lose track of how much they eat. “I just saw a swimmer today who had two bars before practice, and another afterward with a full breakfast,” says Kristine Clark, Penn State’s director of sports nutrition. “She’s 15 lbs. overweight, and she doesn’t know she’s doing anything wrong.” ■

PICKING AMONG THE PICK-ME-UPS



POWERBAR

The flavors are good; that somewhat unsettling chewy-brick texture is a result of all the fat that's been left out

TASTE



BALANCE

Crunchy and sweet, it's a lot like a candy bar. At 30% fat and 200 calories, maybe just a bit too much like a candy bar

TASTE



MET-RX

For the truly healthy: it's like chalk mixed with sugar and vitamins. If you care how it tastes, you're eating the wrong bar

TASTE



CLIF BAR

Sweet and crunchy, it tastes a lot like granola, and some flavors can be addictive. But with more calories than a Nestlé's Crunch, it's not as healthy as it seems

TASTE



POWERBAR HARVEST

In the market leader's new line, the original's tuffy texture is replaced by a more pastry-like feel. Apple crisp is a winner

TASTE



PURE PROTEIN

The bar may remind you of children's vitamins, but it packs in 31 grams of protein, more than a Quarter Pounder

TASTE





CONTRACEPTIVE: Four times a year does it

The Hot Shot

An injection helps lower teenage-pregnancy rates

BY RIGHTS, NOBODY SHOULD BE TERRIBLY pleased to learn that there were 890,000 teenage pregnancies in the U.S. in 1995. When the just compiled figures for that year were released last week, however, most public-health agencies were positively aglow—and with good reason: the number is the lowest it's been in more than 20 years. Among African Americans the news was even better. You'd have to go back 40 years to find a time when there were fewer pregnant teens.

One cause of the plunging figure is increased teenage abstinence, but another is that more and more girls are turning to an injectable form of birth control known as Depo-Provera. A hormone-based drug that works principally by blocking ovulation, it is the contraceptive of choice for 8% of white teens seeking birth control and 19% of blacks. This is a relatively modest demand compared to that for birth-control pills, but it's a stamper for a drug that wasn't even available in the U.S. until 1993.

The reasons for such popularity are obvious. Unlike condoms, Depo-Provera is a set-it-and-forget-it form of birth control. Unlike the Pill, which demands compliance with a daily dosing schedule, Depo-Provera requires a single visit to a doctor's office for one injection every three months.

What appeals to teens, however, may not appeal to parents. As with the Pill, spontaneous intercourse can mean more intercourse. Worse, when a girl can slip off to a clinic after soccer practice and return home undetectably injected with three months' worth of birth control, parents are taken straight out of the supervisory loop.

But Depo-Provera works, and for many communities plagued by teen pregnancies, that's what counts. Says Steve Trombley, president of Planned Parenthood in Chicago: "The word is out in the community about the three-month shot." With nobody wanting to return to the soaring teen-pregnancy rate of old, that word is likely to remain out—at least until even more kids remember the option of simply saying no.

—By Jeffrey Kluger.

Reported by Alice Park/New York

VIEWPOINT

Jeffrey Sachs

The Real Causes of Famine

A Nobel laureate blames authoritarian rulers

AMARTYA SEN, THIS YEAR'S NOBEL PRIZEWINNER IN ECONOMICS, HAS HELPED give voice to the world's poor. And that is no small matter, for the very lives of the world's poor may depend on having their voices heard. In a lifetime of careful scholarship, Sen has repeatedly returned to a basic theme: even impoverished societies can improve the well-being of their least advantaged members. Societies that attend to the poorest of the poor can save their lives, promote their longevity and increase their opportunities through education and productive work. Societies that neglect the poor, on the other hand, may inadvertently allow millions to die of famine—even in the middle of an economic boom, as occurred during the great famine in Bengal, India, in 1943, the subject of Sen's most famous case study.

Sen demonstrated that the Bengal famine was caused by an urban economic boom that raised food prices, thereby causing millions of rural workers to starve to death when their wages did not keep up. And why didn't the government react by dispensing emergency food relief? Sen's answer was enlightening. Because colonial India was not a democracy, he said, the British rulers had little interest in listening to the poor, even in the midst of famine. This political observation gave rise to what might be called Sen's Law: shortfalls in food supply do not cause widespread deaths in a democracy because vote-seeking politicians will undertake relief efforts; but even modest food shortfalls can create deadly famines in authoritarian societies.

Sen has placed great emphasis on poor societies that have achieved high standards in health and education. Costa Rica, for example, which has an average annual income that is only about one-fourth the U.S. level, boasts a life expectancy of 76 years—almost identical to the U.S.'s. Reason: Costa Rica disbanded its army in 1949 and focused public spending on basic health and education. Brazil, by contrast, has almost the same average income as Costa Rica, but a life expectancy that is 10 years lower. Brazil has greater social inequalities, and much of the population lives in deep poverty.

Sen's observations have been taken to heart in the valuable Human Development Report issued annually by the United Nations Development Program. That document features a Human Development Index that ranks countries by a combination of three factors: average income, educational attainment and life expectancy. Thus Costa Rica ranks 62nd from the top in average income but much better, at 39th, in the Human Development Index. These rankings convey Sen's powerful message: annual income growth is not enough to achieve development. Societies must pay attention to social goals as well, always leaning toward their most vulnerable citizens, and overcoming deep-rooted biases to invest in the health and well-being of girls as well as boys. In a world in which 1.5 billion people subsist on less than \$1 a day, this Nobel Prize can be not just a celebration of a wonderful scholar but also a clarion call to attend to the urgent needs and hopes of the world's poor. ■

Jeffrey Sachs is director of the Harvard Institute for International Development



Sen provides hope for the impoverished

The Mighty Finn

Hacker, geek and software hero, Linus Torvalds has devised a system that is challenging Windows

By JANICE MALONEY SANTA CLARA

PALE, FLESHY GROUPIES SURROUND him on all sides, adoration in their eyes. Some are overwhelmed, speechless in his presence. Some ask for his autograph; some just want to thank him for all that he's done for them. Some call him a god and want to be among his disciples, helping spread the word.

No, he's not the Dalai Lama or Deepak Chopra or even Mark Twain. This god is a geek who wears socks with his sandals. His name is Linus Torvalds. He's 28 years old, and his religion is called Linux, after a piece of computer code he wrote for kicks in 1991, while a student at the University of Helsinki, and then loosed upon the world.

In the seven years since, Torvalds' little program has become the center of gravity of a large and somewhat fanatical movement. Programmers love Linux (rhymes with cynics) because it is small, fast and free—and because it lets them participate in building a library of underground software. Silicon Valley loves Linux because it offers an alternative to Sun, Apple and, especially, Microsoft; in the past month Intel, Netscape and some of the Valley's richest venture capitalists have invested in Linux operations. Journalists love Linux—and its Finnish eponym—because his is a story in the classic David and Goliath mold.

Torvalds, like many self-made hacker heroes—and, for that matter, Bill Gates—was drawn to computers at an early age. He's been programming since he was 10 (what else are you going to do in Finland if you hate ice hockey?), when Granddad brought home a Commodore VIC-20 and recruited Linus to be his "right-hand man." Linus immediately started using the VIC-20 to write his own computer games.

Linus was born when Torvalds bought his first PC and decided he didn't like the operating system that came with it (Microsoft's DOS) as much as the one that controlled the university's minicomputers (Unix). Since there wasn't a version of Unix that ran on the PC, he set out to write his

own. The next few months are a blur. "Forget about dating! Forget about hobbies! Forget about life!" he says, remembering that heady time. "We are talking about a guy who sat, ate and slept in front of the computer."

Then he did something really unusual in the make-a-quick-billion computer industry. He made Linux available for free on the Internet. More important, he re-

Linux and a library of software can be purchased for \$49 from Red Hat Software in Durham, N.C., or downloaded for free on the Net (www.linuxresources.com). There is even a Windows-type front end that makes Linux a little easier for ordinary mortals to use. Today the number of machines running Linux is estimated at 7 million.

Not that Torvalds has made a penny of profit from his creation. For him it's been strictly a labor of love—although even love can grow cold after a while. "There are days when I get into technical arguments with people and I say, 'Screw you! I am taking a vacation for a week; I don't need this,'" he says. "But after a few days I always come back, because it's the most fun thing I do."

It is not, however, the only thing he does. Last February Torvalds moved his family from Finland to Silicon Valley. He now pulls down a six-figure salary as a full-time programmer for Transmeta Corp., a top-secret, high-tech start-up backed by Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen. The combination of Allen and Torvalds has fueled wild speculation about what Transmeta might be up to in its Santa Clara, Calif., skunk works. Is it building a new microprocessor that will compete with Intel's x86 chip set? Is it using, as some seem to believe, technology borrowed from visiting aliens to develop hush-hush projects for the government? Torvalds delights in the rumors and will neither confirm nor deny anything.

Meanwhile, juggling his job at Transmeta and his ongoing obligations to Linux—which he continues to manage as it changes and grows—leaves him little free time. If he is not sitting in front of computers, he is talking about them—to the press, industry conference attendees or like-minded souls on the Net. When pressured, Torvalds concedes that Linux is unlikely to dethrone Microsoft Windows, at least in the short term. Technical merits aside, it is still largely a programmers' tool; it doesn't offer a lot of programs for the office or home, and it isn't backed by Microsoft's marketing muscle. For Torvalds these are merely obstacles that can be overcome in time. After all, he has millions of loyal programmers on his team, some of whom call him god.

How does it feel to be an idol? Torvalds shyly dips his head and averts his gaze. "It's not like I have 15-year-old girls throwing their underwear at me," he says, with a small laugh. "I think the 15-year-old geek inside me is still disappointed about that." ■



System Scorecard

How many computers run ...

MICROSOFT WINDOWS	374 MILLION
APPLE MACINTOSH	22 MILLION
LINUX	7 MILLION
UNIX	6 MILLION

leased his source code, the instruction set used to create the software, so that fellow programmers could hack, hone and redistribute Linux at will. In doing so he was following a freeware tradition that goes back to the earliest days of computing.

He also became the beneficiary of that tradition, since thousands of freeware programs originally written to run on Unix also ran on Linux. A CD-ROM loaded with

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H I S T O R Y

FROZEN IN TIME

A new collection of
World War I-era photos
brings an ill-fated
Antarctic voyage
back to life



THE SHIPWRECK The
Endurance, shortly before
shifting ice floes crushed
it, stranding 27 men



THE CREW Waving farewell from the shore as their captain sets off on an 800-mile search for help

By JOHN SKOW

FRANK HURLEY'S PICTURES would be remarkable—absolutely first-rate photojournalism—if they had been made last week. In fact, they were shot from 1914 through 1916, most of them after a disastrous shipwreck, by a cameraman who had no reasonable expectation of survival. Many of the images, made on glass plates, then spent several months sealed in lead boxes, stored in an ice chest, under freezing water, in the crushed wooden hull of a slowly sinking ship.

The ship was the *Endurance*, a small, tight, Norwegian-built three-master that was intended to take Sir Ernest Shackleton and a small crew of seamen and scientist, 27 men in all, to the southernmost shore of Antarctica's Weddell Sea. From that point Shackleton proposed to force a passage by dogsled across the continent. The trek was intended to surpass the achievement of Shackleton's great rival, Captain Robert Falcon Scott, who had reached the South Pole early in 1912 (narrowly preceded by the Norwegian Roald Amundsen) but had died with his four companions on the march back.

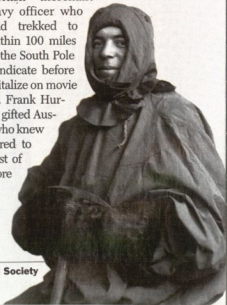


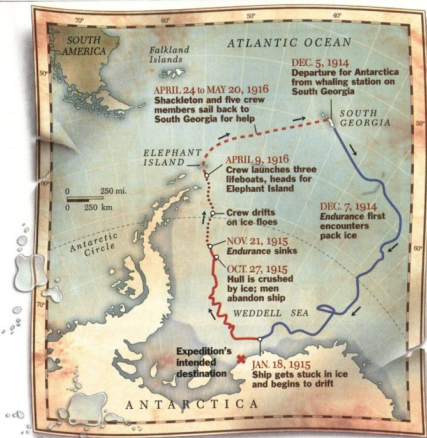
THE EXPLORER Thickening pack ice turned Shackleton's dream into a 20-month ordeal

in 1908, formed a syndicate before his 1914 voyage to capitalize on movie and still photography. Frank Hurley, a self-assured and gifted Australian photographer who knew the Antarctic, was hired to make the images, most of which have never before been published.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
Hired to make publicity,
Hurley captured a saga of
unexpected heroism

As writer Caroline Alexander makes clear in her forceful and well-researched narrative *The Endurance* (Knopf; 212 pages; \$29.95), adventuring was even then a thoroughly commercial proposition. Scott's last journal, completed as he lay in a tent dying of cold and hunger, caught the world's imagination, and a filmed tribute drew crowds. Shackleton, a onetime British merchant-navy officer who had trekked to within 100 miles of the South Pole





What might have happened is a fascinating guess. It seems doubtful that even such sturdy characters as Shackleton and his crew could have made a transpolar crossing. The terrain was unknown and unforgiving, no one on board knew much about dogsledding, and the half-trained dogs were sick because worm medicine had been left behind.

What did happen became legend. The *Endurance* was caught in drifting pack ice during the coldest season in memory and, after weeks of trying to follow open-water leads, was frozen in. And there the ship stayed. Shackleton and his men were prepared to winter over, and they did, still fairly confident, killing penguins to stretch out their stores of food. Hurley climbed the yardarms to take photos, and at one point—amazingly, given the equipment he had to work with—lighted the frost-coated ship with 20 synchronized flashes for a dramatic night shot.

But warmer weather in the next Antarctic spring did not free the *Endurance*. Ice crushed

THEY ENDURED All but forgotten in the chaos of the Great War, the men, miraculously, survived

the reinforced stern. The vessel heeled at a grotesque angle. Hurley photographed the canted wreckage and, as the crew unloaded what provisions remained, as well as three boats, he stripped to the waist, hacked through the walls of the ice chest, now under 4 ft. of mushy ice, and salvaged the waterproof tin boxes that held his finished glass plates. Then he and Shackleton (in what a present-day photographer wryly calls "one of history's great editing jobs") opened the boxes, examined the negatives, dumped some 400 because weight would be crucial in any rescue, and kept 120, the most strik-

ing of which illustrate the present astonishing book. To record the rest of the journey, Hurley kept a pocket Kodak and three rolls of film.

The saga that followed defined heroism. The *Endurance* sank on Nov. 21, 1915, after 10 months locked in the ice. Its people endured, largely because Shackleton manufactured an unending supply of energy and optimism. He had a knack for spotting worn psychological insulation before it began to spark, taking pains to consult Hurley, who was smart and tough but a prima donna, and shifting a fragile, much teased crewman to his own tent. The cosetting worked. On short rations, eating penguins and the last of the dogs, the officers and men dragged the ship's three boats, loaded with gear, northward on thin, drifting ice. When the ice cracked, the boats were, for better or worse, launched. Seven numbing, soaking days later they landed on an uninhabited expanse of rock called Elephant Island.

By now the men were exhausted, frostbitten and all but defeated. One diary entry mentions that "dejected men were dragged from their bags and set to work." But no rescue could be expected here, and within a few days Shackleton and five of his strongest men set out again in the *James Caird*, a two-masted, 22-ft. whaler.

The new objective was a whaling station on South Georgia Island, 800 miles to the northeast. Numbled by sleet, wave-soaked by 10 days of gales and plagued by thirst, they accomplished what is now regarded as one of the most heroic small-boat voyages ever made and beached perilously 16 days later on a rocky, lee shore. Three wet, bone-tired, frostbitten men—Shackleton and two others—then climbed snow-blown mountains for three days and descended to the whaling station. There they asked how the Great War had ended, and were told it still raged.

No doubt because of the war, the subsequent rescue of the entire crew, without a single death, drew only muted exclamation. That has since changed. Alexander's expert chronicle is one of several newly published books to tell the tale, including a reissue of Shackleton's account, *South*. A movie is in the works, directed by Wolfgang Petersen, who made *Das Boot*. And a six-month exhibition that features Hurley's stunning photos begins next April at New York City's American Museum of Natural History. ■





WYNN WIN?

Opening his \$1.6 billion Picasso palace, Steve Wynn bets he can turn Las Vegas into a class act

By ROBERT HUGHES

THERE IT IS, ON A BILLBOARD OUTSIDE Steve Wynn's Mirage Hotel, on the Las Vegas Strip—the triumph of culture as American spectacle:

COMING SOON

*Van Gogh, Monet, Renoir
and Cézanne*

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

Picasso and Matisse

Thus, high in the air, where the names of Frank Sinatra, Henny Youngman and Engelbert Humperdinck once flaunted their charisma above the throngs of tourists, where the mysterioso and much lifted faces of Siegfried and Roy stared down from between the white tigers whose diminutive, fluffy clonelets fill a whole shop on the ground floor of the Mirage, high art has descended on the desert with a palpable clang. It had to come. It has come. Art abhors a vacuum, and if Las Vegas hasn't earned a name for being culturally underoxygenated, what



FUN, FOOD & ART A porte cochere that mimics Milan's Galleria awaits Bellagio guests, top; workers prepare for patrons in a restaurant featuring Lichtenstein's *Still Life*

LAS VEGAS • OVER THE TOP

place in America has? If the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City can hang banners advertising Tiepolo or Goya from its Fifth Avenue façade without having fingers wagged in its face, why shouldn't Steve Wynn, the modern-day Mike Todd or P.T. Barnum of Vegas, the man with more clout in the gambling-and-hotel business than anyone alive with the possible exception of Donald Trump, run Van Gogh and Picasso on the billboard for his new flagship hotel, the Bellagio, which cost \$1.6 capital-B billion to build and decorate and opens to the public this week?

Economic meltdown in Asia, collapsing hedge funds in Connecticut, mass layoffs at the brokerage houses, a falling market for expensive cigars and Ferraris—yet there goes the Bellagio, sailing into the teeth of the gathering global gale, with 3,000 of the highest-priced rooms in Vegas and something like \$300 million worth of works of art nailed to its mast. All bought, over a little more than two years, by Stephen A. Wynn, 56, who had never collected anything except casino real estate and golf courses before—and who is, moreover, gradually losing his sight to retinitis pigmentosa, an irreversible, degenerative eye disease.

Wynn is a showman in the classic, big-ticket American tradition. He fantasizes about turning Las Vegas around, taking the capital of American kitsch and transforming it into a full-scale class act, with high-cultural overtones. Whether he will succeed in this is anyone's guess, but no one can accuse him of not putting his (and his shareholders') money where his mouth is, in a town where "Art" is normally the name of someone's limo driver.

He began, like most neophyte collectors who have a bundle to spend, with the easy, lovable stuff: Impressionism, and specifically Renoir. But rather than dive in at the deep end of the art market on his own—a certain prelude to drowning—Wynn found himself a guide in William Acquavella, 60, a closemouthed and formidably well-connected New York private dealer whose stockroom is one of the best



WINNER'S CIRCLE Wynn's gallery, a treasure box at the core of the hotel, reflects the city's overtones of privilege. Selected guests can view the Giacomettis, Mirós and Picassos for \$10 a throw

in the U.S. Acquavella impressed on Wynn that in the art market, there are no bargains: he would have to pay top dollar for top works. The big test of this came with buying the first of two Van Goghs, *Peasant Woman Against a Background of Wheat*, painted a few weeks before the artist's suicide at Auvers-sur-Oise in 1890. This exceptional portrait had been hanging on loan in the Metropolitan Museum, and it cost Wynn a nonnegotiable \$47.5 million of his own money, not the Bellagio's. (So far, Wynn's Mirage Resorts Inc. has picked up \$160 million of the tab for the collection, and Wynn himself the rest.)

Some things came by luck and were grabbed on the wing. Wynn relishes describing how he and Acquavella were in London to conclude the deal on a Tahitian Gauguin, *Bathers*. With time to kill, they dropped in on the small upstairs gallery of Thomas Gibson, a private dealer in Old

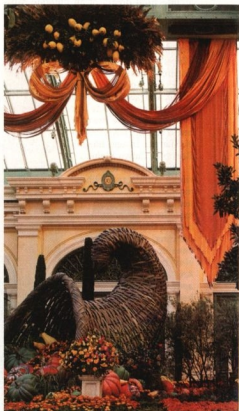


Bond Street. And there, on an easel, was a painting that had just come in on consignment a few hours before: Degas's pastel *Dancer Taking a Bow*, 1887, one of the finest of his ballet scenes, which had been in one of the collections of the Rothschild family for the past 80 years and had not been exhibited publicly in a half-century. "It just shone," Wynn recalls. "It knocked me flat. I knew I had to have it. And if Bill and I had delayed, it would probably have been gone the next day. So there was no choice."

Buy in haste, repent at leisure, is one of the usual mottoes of collecting. But despite the breakneck speed at which Wynn has so far put his collection together, there are some works in it that any museum would envy. They include a late Cézanne, a portrait of his housekeeper painted around 1900, her brown dress as massively articulated as the side of a



ROMAN FOUNTAINS In Vegas, where the conspicuous display of water is a sign of power, Wynn's 36-story hotel, left, towers above an eight-acre lake. A cornucopia of treats awaits conservatory guests, below



mountain; and one of the best Joan Miró in existence, *Dialogue of the Insects*, 1924-25, its precise forms buzzing and chirruping with strange lepidopteral life in a bare dream landscape.

The painting that turned Wynn away from the 19th century into the 20th—and, as he puts it, “got me off my training wheels”—was a portrait by Picasso of his long-suffering mistress Dora Maar, done in 1942. This riveting image is one of a woman in disequilibrium, not as fiercely torn apart as she is in the *Weeping Women* of those years, but out of kilter all the same, with staring eyes, figure-eight nostrils flared as though in suppressed fright, and strange asymmetries of form around the nose and brow. Compared with it, Impressionism began to look somewhat easy and even insipid to the fast-learning Wynn, and he started to buy more modern work—Picassos especially. He also began to cast a

covetous eye on American art, scooping up (among other things) a great and gritty De Kooning, *Police Gazette*, 1955, along with several later De Koonings, a fine and rare early *Flag* painting by Jasper Johns, a Pollock and a beautiful Rauschenberg combine from 1954, *Small Red Painting*.

Gradually, Wynn's collection is moving toward the mass it needs to define its own shape and establish its own gravitational field. It isn't there yet, and all talk of a “private museum” is beside the point, but you have the sense of a collector with real moxie. This isn't the Getty of Las Vegas, and it isn't meant to be, but Wynn has already nailed a few things that the Getty, with its comparably huge buying budget, ought not to have missed. He has also taken on some sound advisers, led by Edmund Pillsbury, for many years the director of the Kimbell Art Museum in Fort Worth, Texas. And anyone who looks down his nose at the

whole enterprise as a piece of splashy Vegas promotion ought to remember the origins of American museums in the late 19th century, built up from nothing by self-taught meat packers and railroad kings who got good advice, took deep breaths and opened their checkbooks.

But of course, it is promotion—in part. Why should the idea of starting an art collection in Vegas seem so odd? Basically because Las Vegas—the Disney World of terminal public greed—is a city in which every cultural citation is fake, so that the real thing feels out of place. The city is built on simulation, quotation, weird unconvincing displacements, in which cultural icons are endlessly but never convincingly quoted. Here is the Luxor Hotel, that huge silly pyramid with its plaster Anubises and fiber-glass Amon-Ras, its cavernous interior housing a facsimile of the Manhattan skyline. Here, under construction, is a casi-

LAS VEGAS • OVER THE TOP

no in the form of the Doges Palace in Venice, complete with a small-scale version of the Campanile bearing a replica of the original's gilded angel on its vertex. Here too is Caesars Palace, looking like the architectural dream of an illiterate Mussolini; and alongside it are the Forum Shops at Caesars, a sort of baroque moon colony completely sealed off from the outside world, with computer-controlled sky effects that cycle from rosy-fingered dawn to purple dusk on the roof vaults above, and pastiche Roman statuary, and outlets for every brand name you ever heard of: Gap, DKNY, Gucci, Sharper Image, Banana Republic, Calvin Klein ...

In a city of such overripe simulacra, whose most characteristic museum is dedicated to the memory of Liberace, what room is there for the clean, piercing, complex presence of real works of art? Not much, you'd think. Any public work of art is apt to pale to invisibility beside those neon signs and huge, crass, mock-Hellenistic sculptures. Nothing a mere environmental sculptor could make would have much luck in drawing the eye away from, say, the outside of the Mirage, with its foaming waterfalls and its artificial volcano that erupts on a regular schedule after dusk, except when (a sign informs you) the weather is "inclement," a condition that will be signaled by a red warning light in case you didn't feel the rain on your head.

Absent a real museum, or the civic will to build and endow one, perhaps the only way to habituate fine art to Las Vegas—and vice versa—is to do what Wynn has done in the Bellagio: build a sort of treasure box in the core of the hotel, to which limited numbers of the public will be admitted at \$10 a head, hotel guests and high rollers preferred, so that the art itself becomes a spectacle with overtones of privilege and thus matches up with the imagery of the rest of the city. It recalls Marianne Moore's famous description of the poet's task: creating "imaginary gardens with real toads in them."

You don't fully realize how much water matters in Vegas until you see the works of Kublai Wynn, the Bellagio especially. Never was a city built and embellished in such opposition to its own environment. The Mormons tried settling this parched valley, nothing but dust, rocks and Gila monsters, in the 1850s; they failed. In 1905 it was set up as a dry-gulch railroad town handling transshipments of

monotonous checkerboard of shopping centers, low-rise apartment buildings, trailer parks and (of late) fenced and gated pseudo communities—with, in the middle, the glitz palaces devoted to gambling, or, as Nevada officialdom prefers to call it, "gaming," which sounds a little tonier.

The key to all this is water, whose conspicuous display and consumption is as important a sign of luxury, of control over

Nature, to Vegas entrepreneurs as it was to the Umayyad caliphs who began building the fountains of the Alhambra on a dry hillside near Granada 12 centuries ago. Nobody grasps this better than Wynn. To install performing dolphins in huge salt-water tanks in a hotel in the Nevada desert seems, on the face of it, about as rational as filling a cruise ship with sand and camels, but it has its own value as spectacle. And nowhere in Vegas is water as spectacular as at the Bellagio, which rises 36 stories, clean and shiny as a new toy freshly unpacked, from the shore of an eight-acre artificial lake symbolizing Lake Como, complete with hundreds of fountains shooting their jets 200 ft. into the air to the accompaniment of operatic arias.

Along the building's side, nestled amid real and artificial rocks and perfectly genuine umbrella pines, are a series of pavilions containing restaurants franchised from celebrated ones in New York, Boston and San Francisco, includ-

ing two clones of Sirio Maccioni's operations, Le Cirque 2000 and Osteria del Circo. You drive up the side of the Lago di Comovegas and arrive at a gigantic porte cochere, patinated copper and glass, inspired by the vaults of Milan's Galleria. Beyond that stretches the foyer, acres of marble and mosaic floor. And the ceiling chandelier, the largest glass sculpture ever made, 30 ft. by 70 ft. of writhing, billowing trumpets and petals by the glass artist Dale Chihuly. And more acres of slot machines. And the conservatory, whose plants come from a 90,000-sq.-ft. nursery somewhere out of sight. And a prodigious wicker cornucopia, three stories high. "On opening



1,000 STRINGS At the Bellagio's opening gala, violinists serenade the guests in the evergreen and ever lush conservatory

fruits and vegetables from California to the Midwest. Labor strikes all but destroyed the railroad, and with it Las Vegas, in the 1920s. And then, in the '30s, three things made the place possible. Nevada legalized gambling and quickie divorce, and the New Deal created the Hoover Dam. Now people not only had reasons to go to this unpromising valley, but they could do it without dying of thirst.

So the growth of Vegas began, totally unregulated, all but unzoned, producing a

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night I'm going to fill it with pumpkins," Wynn promises, and you know there won't be a pumpkin, or not a perfect one, left in New England for Halloween.

We are off on a preopening tour of the restaurants. At this late stage, Wynn is still seeing things that bother him. You get the impression that not a tile or a tessera has been laid, not a square inch of valance put in place, without the boss's scrutinizing it. We are in the branch of *Le Cirque 2000*, with its circus murals and its billowing masses of peachy silk coming off the ceiling. In the middle of it is a singularly incongruous Art Deco-revival light fixture, all sharp angles and etched glass. Wynn recoils. "What's this thing?" he demands, fixing the chandelier with a cold eye. "This looks like hell. It's totally out of place. I wouldn't want to see it in a toilet. I need it the way I need asthma. I don't want it to be here when I come back. Send it back to [designer Adam] Tihany, *cop.*"

The decorators make notes and exchange harried glances, but Wynn is already off, heading for his pride and joy, the Picasso restaurant. Today the Picassos—nine paintings, plus several dozen of the thousands of plates that the old demon gouged and scribbled into existence—are to be hung. The room is an expansive stage designer's version of a renovated Provencal farmhouse, only brand-new, and with touches not found on the Côte d'Azur, such as a carpet by Claude Picasso and a ceiling in the entrance hall thickly lined with broken amphora brought in from Mexico. The paintings—still lifes from the '40s, and a lush little jewel of a head of his mistress Marie-Thérèse Walter—actually look terrific in here, with the bright desert light streaming through the high windows.

It's almost enough to make you want to spend a weekend in Vegas, just to see how the new machine works. But what is the view across the lake going to look like, once Hilton has finished its own contribution to the urban mix, the Paris Las Vegas, with a half-size replica of the Eiffel Tower right across from the shores of Bellagio? Don't ask. Never mind. For sure, it won't have any Picassos in it. ■

A Show That Soars—and Swims

THE CAST OF *O*, THE BEAUTIFULLY BUOYANT CIRQUE DU SOLEIL WATER extravaganza at the Bellagio, wore circus motley: urchin's togs, ballerina gowns, penguin suits and the odd clown nose. Last week's opening-night audience, though, was outfitted in formal evening wear—1,800 exponents of money and glamour. It was just the sort of crowd Steve Wynn would like to see at his new hotel every night. So would the other high-rolling master builders in this high-desert fantasyland. Like an aging chorine who learns a little French and buys a Chanel frock in hopes of attracting an upper-crust beau, Las Vegas is smarting itself up to snag ritzy visitors.

The name *O* comes from the French word for water (Cirque's founders are French Canadians) but also means to evoke the word of wonder that audiences so often express—*Ohhhh!*—as gorgeous bodies sail through the air or dive from a 60-ft. pedestal into the pool that occupies much of the huge stage. *O* could stand for the oasis of sophistication Cirque represents with this production and its sister show, *Mystère*, at Treasure Island, on the four-mile Strip in the desert.

TOP: JOHN J. FERRARO/STYLING: TONY BURTON/STYLING



POETRY OF THE BODY
The new Cirque du Soleil plays in, above and under water

midair, is rocking so vigorously? How does a little princess balance on her head while her trapeze bar revolves high over the pool? And that fellow reading a newspaper—doesn't he realize that his hat, shoes, pants and chair are all on fire? A person isn't supposed to be able to do such things, and few minds are free enough to conceive them. But *Dragone* is a poet whose language is the human body.

More than any other Cirque show, *O* incorporates these acts into its expansive design. A quartet of carousel horses canters through the air. Angels, hunchbacks, giant toucans materialize as cameo apparitions. Anything may navigate the pool: a bathtub, a giant inverted umbrella, a wayward iceberg, a shark fin that turns out to be the top of a crescent moon. At the end the hunchback plays a grand piano as the princess reclines on it—art, love and beauty in one heartbreaking image—and then, slowly, it dissolves into the water. Here and throughout, *O* achieves a goal of the highest art: to elevate its audience to a state of awe. *Of ohhhh!*

O could also stand for "owe": at \$100 a ticket, this \$90 million production is the priciest legal attraction in Vegas. But in a town that quickly tires of old sensations, the stage magicians from Montreal have created another enticement that will not go out of style. Cirque endures. *O* is forever. —By Richard Corliss

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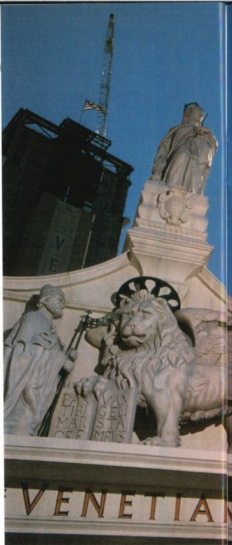
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LAS VEGAS • OVER THE TOP

IN WITH THE NEW

Gaming is waning, so the neon city is on the remake. Think luxe, not casino



By CATHY BOOTH LAS VEGAS

SHELDON ADELSON, SON OF A BOSTON cabbie, is strolling down the loggia of the Doges Palace, Venice's famous landmark. Across the way he can see the city's other famous sites—the Clock Tower and the Campanile, the Bridge of Sighs and the Ca D'Oro. He stops to marvel at the craftsmanship of a carved quatrefoil atop one arch. A chiseled demon leers down at him. The 65-year-old Adelson mirrors the expression as he waves his arms at the surroundings. "You feel you're standing in the middle of St. Mark's Square, don't you?" he exclaims. "You are in Italy, in Venice!"

Oh, no, you're not.

You're in Las Vegas, in the middle of the desert, and the beaming madman next to you is risking \$1.2 billion—including, he says, \$320 million of his personal bankroll—on a 35-story hotel/casino/convention center replete with canals, singing gondoliers and white doves that take wing five times a day.

What's even crazier is that there are several other madmen up and down the

Las Vegas Strip today building billion-dollar pleasure palaces like so many Starbucks. The Hilton Paris is re-creating the City of Light, while Circus Circus' Mandalay Bay is evoking the South Pacific, just down the street from the Venetian's Adriatic. And, of course, there's Steve Wynn's modern-art museum and homage to Italy's Lake Como, the \$1.6 billion Bellagio.

Never mind that Wall Street is wobbly, that Asia's gamblers are currency shocked or that most Americans are already no more than a tank of gas away from the nearest blackjack table. Las Vegas is on a \$7 billion building jag, with 18 major hotel and casino projects scheduled to open before 2000. By the millennium, Vegas will have more rooms than New York City, Paris or Los Angeles and more slots than the U.S. Postal Service.

Once again, the Mob's former desert stopover is on the remake. This joint once prospered as a venue for naughty, even dangerous diversion. Then in the 1980s, Las Vegas tried to go mainstream, transforming itself into a desert Disneyland—the Rat Pack gone to the rug rats. Up went casino hotels with exploding volcanoes,

battling galleons and amusement parks. Alas, the folks who showed up with their kids had the audacity to spend time with them instead of gambling away the college funds. The casinos compounded their marketing error by offering cheap rooms and cheaper food.

This time Las Vegas is going upmar-

By the year 2000, Las Vegas will have 127,000 hotel ro

BELLAGIO

- OPENED Last week
- COST \$1.6 billion
- ROOMS 3,000
- WHAT'S IN THE CARDS Gallery of fine arts; Cirque du Soleil's new water show, *O*; a glass-domed conservatory; an 8-acre replica of Italy's Lake Como with dancing-water show; gourmet restaurants and designer shops like Tiffany and Chanel; a 30-ft.-by-70-ft. lobby chandelier
- THE BETTING In the money



PHOTO: BOB BISHOP FOR ENR

MANDALAY BAY

- OPENING March 1999
- COST \$1 billion
- ROOMS 3,700
- WHAT'S IN THE CARDS 12-acre South Seas tropical water environment with beach and 6-ft.-wave machine for surfing competitions; "Sea of Predators" exhibit includes sharks and crocodiles; a monorail to Luxor and Excalibur; celebrity chefs; Rumjungle and Red Square vodka palace
- THE BETTING Boomer paradise, but poor location raises stakes



PHOTO: BOB BISHOP FOR ENR



TOUCH OF VENICE: Adelson is fixed on creature comforts at the Venetian

tions, by offering comparable accommodations. A discounted room on the Strip now goes for \$49 to \$99. To sleep in Hilton's Paris will probably cost double that.

Can Las Vegas really buy some class and still attract the gaming classes? Or is this one crapsnot Sin City can't win? Las Vegas has no choice but to take the wager. It can no longer afford to be a casino-centric town, although the numbers seem to indicate otherwise. Last year some 30.5 million visitors spent \$25 billion in Las Vegas and Clark County, including \$6.2 billion on gambling, which was up from \$5.7 billion two years before. But the gaming take along the Strip has gone from 58% of total revenues 10 years ago to 53% today. That's the official figure. Major hoteliers, however, put casino revenues at 40% of the mix, or even 25% if retail sales are included in the total. (Gamblers spend an average of only four hours a day in the casinos, after all.) Gamblers who used to make an average of 11 trips to Las Vegas over a five-year period now make only seven. So the city of "Lost Wages" is repositioning itself in the leisure market. "We're no longer a gaming resort but a destination resort," says Chamber of Commerce senior vice president Kara Kelley.

Want to bet?

Steve Wynn sure does—with his Bellagio. The Medicis would have been at home here, stabbing each other by the pool, shopping for leather at Prada or dining on caviar at Petrossian. No detail has escaped Wynn's notice. "New hotels are always a blessing and a curse, but if well done, they stimulate the public's interest in Vegas," says Wynn, CEO of Mirage Resorts, Inc., and the son of a gambler who came to Las Vegas in the 1960s. The biggest stimulus at the Bellagio, of course, is Wynn's \$300 million collection of works by, among others, Miró, Picasso,

ket, trading showgirl pasties for showy Picassos, \$3.99 buffets for \$20 entrées at Wolfgang Puck's and neon glitz for European glamour. Soon you will be able to ride a gondola through Venice, dine atop a 50-story Eiffel Tower and surf in the ocean. And you'll be happy to pay up for it, or there will be some very unhappy in-

vestors. "The driving feature of Vegas will always be gambling, but the days of giving away rooms to gamblers are over," says Stephen Bollenbach, CEO of Hilton, which is building the \$760 million recreation of Paris. The idea now is to command better room rates, more on a par with resort or European vacation destina-

oms; that's more than New York, Paris or Los Angeles

PARIS

- **OPENING** Fall 1999
- **COST** \$760 million
- **ROOMS** 2,900
- **WHAT'S IN THE CARDS** 50-story half-scale Eiffel Tower overlooking replicas of the Paris Opera House, the Louvre, the Arc de Triomphe and the Hotel de Ville; cobblestoned Rue de la Paix shopping; Eiffel Tower restaurant, with the best views of the Bellagio water show
- **THE BETTING** Great location makes it a good play



JIMMY KIMBLE PHOTOGRAPHY

THE VENETIAN

- **OPENING** April 1999
- **COST** \$1.2 billion
- **ROOMS** 3,000 suites
- **WHAT'S IN THE CARDS** Venice in the desert, with replicas of the Doges Palace, the Rialto and the Campanile; a canal with gondolas; the SpaClub by Canyon Ranch; large suites with marble baths; restaurants from chefs such as Emeril Lagasse and Wolfgang Puck
- **THE BETTING** Conventioneers' haven; longer odds on the casino



STEVE GRANITZ PHOTOGRAPHY

LAS VEGAS • OVER THE TOP

Matisse, Léger, Modigliani, Lichtenstein, Warhol, Pollock, de Kooning and Jasper Johns, and sculpturers by Giacometti and Brancusi.

On Wall Street, investors have a word for such a collection: overhead. Even before the market tanked, analysts were marking down casino stocks on the fundamentals—too much capacity—and they are worried that this latest building boom will crap out. The Vegas Valley, for instance, is heading into a glut of 127,000 hotel rooms—up a scary 20% from the current level. That's one reason gaming stocks such as Mirage's have lost one-third to one-half of their value in the past year. The weakening global economy is also taking its toll. The high rollers from Asia, the focus of a lot of attention, are nursing their bank accounts. At the Mirage and MGM Grand, both popular with the big-money crowd, second-quarter earnings were down 31% and 56% respectively.

The new casinos won't help those numbers. "The Bellagio will do great, but we have had to downgrade all casino stocks in the past quarter," says analyst Jason Ader of Bear Stearns. "We doubt the new construction will earn the returns of the last wave—18% to 22%. We're forecasting 13% to 16%."

The higher costs of the fancier hotels will make breaking even a bit more daunting. Wynn needs to take in a record \$2.5 million a day to make the new Bellagio pay for itself. "Lot of money, eh?" he says, winking. "Guess how much the Mirage made a day last year? \$1.7 million." He shrugs at the idea that he might end up cannibalizing his own ranks of gamblers at the Mirage. "We're just going to change the pecking order. The other casinos will just move down a notch," he says.

Real pessimists predict a three-year bloodbath, especially if upper-crust vacationers don't show up in the predicted numbers, leaving half-empty high-cost hotels. The Strip's bread-and-butter visitor isn't likely to trade up to \$150-a-night rooms from \$49 ones, even if there's a mint on the pillow. Hilton chief Bollenbach (who is also on the board at Time Warner, the parent company of TIME) is predicting 18 months of bruising battles, with older, smaller properties taking a hit from big outfits like his.

And what ever happened to that family-friendly Las Vegas? Demographics. The

target audience is now 50 and ready to travel without the kids. "Imagine," says Circus Circus president Glenn Schaeffer, "somebody will turn 49 every 13 seconds for the next 15 years, and they have the highest household income and the fastest spending rate." Circus pioneered the low-end family concept during the late 1970s and made it work for more than a decade. But Schaeffer was brought in after a management shakeup to arrest declining numbers.



Out with the old: cheap rooms and cheap thrills aren't paying the bills anymore

The company is now building the \$1 billion Mandalay Bay development, to open in March 1999. The casino hotel, with a separate Four Seasons hotel on top and a monorail connecting it to the company's other properties, Excalibur and Luxor, will be set in a 12-acre park with a wavemaking machine in the lagoon. Says Schaeffer: "Nobody anywhere in the world is building resorts like Las Vegas is."

Where Schaeffer sees the 50-plus crowd, Adelson sees thousands of free-spending conventioners in his Venetian. The initial \$1.2 billion phase, set to open next April, will feature 3,000 luxury suites, a convention center second only

to Chicago's in size, and a pricey shopping mall with a 1,200-ft. canal running through it—on the site of Frank Sinatra's old haunt, the Sands.

Adelson made a fortune in the trade-show business, and he financed some of the Venetian's construction by selling Comdex, the world's biggest trade show, for \$900 million. Although Las Vegas does plenty of convention business, Adelson wants to compete for the monster shows that now go to Chicago's McCormick Place or Orlando's Orange County Center, in Florida.

The Venetian is a study in duplication. Everything from the Doges Palace to the Campanile was built virtually to scale of the original. Craftsmen labored at a workshop in suburban Las Vegas, turning out hand-chiseled columns and marble floors to the exact specifications of an architectural historian imported from Venice. ("This isn't some box with slots in it," says Wynn respectfully of his rivals' projects.)

Adelson is trying to bring a new ingredient to the basic Las Vegas hotel rooms: comfort. The bathrooms in the all-suite Venetian are the size of standard hotel rooms. He spent \$9 million just to create step-down living rooms in each suite, to impart the feeling of luxury. "Las Vegas' yesterday thinking was casino-centric. The idea was to deprive guests of creature comforts to keep them in casinos," he says—no minibars, no snacks in the room, no safe-deposit boxes, no fax machines and certainly no computer hookups. Says he: "If you were hungry, they imagined you'd wake up at 2 a.m. and remember to put your \$10,000 to \$20,000 in your pocket so that you'd stop in the casino and lose some money."

The casino owners are still hoping that will happen on occasion, but they aren't planning on it. By the same token, they don't believe the predictions that high-cost rooms and overcapacity will catch up with the industry. But then again, casino owners are optimistic by nature. "Las Vegas has defied all predictions of its demise before," says Wynn, who likes to throw dice when he bets. "If you give people what they're after, they'll make their way to you without fail. And that's the secret, regardless of what Wall Street tells you."

—With reporting by
Richard Woodbury/Las Vegas

Paradox:



\$20,440*

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T E L E V I S I O N

THE YOUTH BRIG



GADE

By JAMES COLLINS

ASK BROADCASTING EXECUTIVES or Wall Street analysts and advertising consultants to explain why the WB has been so successful—actually increasing the size of its audience while all the other networks are losing viewers—and they will talk about market niches, brand loyalty, cable affiliates and so on. All of which is very interesting and valid but misses the point. The key to the WB's success is this: babes, male and female. With the

Dawson, Buffy, Felicity and the rest have transformed the WB frog into a prince of a network

glossy yet smoldering Sarah Michelle Gellar of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, the coltish Katie Holmes of *Dawson's Creek*, the Phoebus-like Barry Watson of *7th Heaven* and all the rest, the WB has the best-looking stars on TV. Is this business really so very complicated?

It certainly must seem that way to the WB's rivals. For the 1997-98 season, the ratings for all of them fell, except for CBS, which was just even. In contrast, the WB's ratings rose 19%. So far this fall the trend has continued. For more than a decade the ratings of the networks have dropped relentlessly, so the performance of the WB is remarkable, even if its audience of 4.5 million viewers is still much smaller than those of the major networks. How has it achieved these results? By finding throwworthy stars, of course, but also by targeting a specific audience—teenagers and young adults—and then developing ingenious programming to attract them.

In the summer of 1993 Jamie Kellner was sitting around his house in Santa Barbara, Calif., bored out of his mind. For eight years he had served as president of the Fox network, which he had helped create. Exhausted, he had retired. "But after six months," he says, "I was very unhappy." He noticed that some of his former colleagues were leaving Fox, and he knew that Fox was trying to broaden its audience, no longer concentrating on young people. So Kellner had a realization: he ought to get his old team back together and start Fox all over again.

He shopped his idea to various parties and was soon in business with Warner Bros. (which, like TIME, is owned by Time Warner). Recent changes in FCC regulations had allowed networks to own the programs they broadcast, and studios like Warner Bros., which supply shows to the networks, were worried that the broadcasters would begin to favor shows produced internally. By starting a network, Warner Bros. could guarantee an outlet for its programming. Time Warner shares

ownership of the network with Tribune Broadcasting, Kellner and other officers.

Kellner says the first year was "a disaster" as the WB battled for affiliates with the other start-up network, UPN. Traditionally, networks pay affiliates to carry their programming, but the WB offered no payments and went even further, asking the stations to remit a portion of their profits once they reached a certain level. Kellner's selling points were his team and the involvement of Warner Bros. and Tribune, but he was able to persuade only 54 stations to sign up, offering the traditional terms, started with nearly twice that many. Since then, though, the number of WB affiliates has grown to 187.

The WB began broadcasting one night a week in January 1995. With shows like *The Wayans Bros.*, starring black comics Shawn and Marlon Wayans, and *Muscle*, a sitcom set in a health club, it followed the Fox strategy: establish the network in a niche with programs that have ethnic and youth appeal. "When I went to Fox, my first instinct was, if we just make good shows, we'll succeed," says Garth Ancier, who was Fox's first programming chief and is now president of programming at the WB. "It was wrong. A new network has to draw viewers away from other networks. You have to be different."

At first the WB struggled for ratings, and it encountered an internal enemy in Ted Turner, chairman of Turner Broadcasting System Inc., who became vice chairman of Time Warner after a merger in 1996. He believed the WB was redundant once Time Warner acquired his various cable networks, and he objected to the WB's losses, although he has acknowledged the critical success of *Dawson's Creek*. "He was not an advocate for the network," says Kellner, who used to throw darts at Turner's picture. "It was very damaging to our efforts. It wasn't fair." Turner was unavailable for comment.

As the WB added nights to its schedule, it began to produce hits like *7th Heaven*, a family drama, and *Buffy*, the gothic-comic high school fantasy. Then *Dawson's Creek* arrived last January and instantly became a teen phenomenon. This season the network has added *Felicity* and *Charmed*, starring Beverly Hills, 90210 alumna Shannen Doherty. The shows have low overall ratings, but for teens and young adults, they are among TV's most popular.

Gellar offers this explanation of *Buffy's* appeal: "It's smart, and it's real. We're constantly changing. It's funny. It's sad. It's scary. It's touching. This show raises the intelligence level." Saying that a



TEEN IDOLS
The trick has been to cast charismatic stars in intelligently written shows about young people



NICHE PLAYERS Kellner, top, Daniels and Ancier fixed on a target and then hit it

show about vampires is intelligent may seem curious, but *Buffy* is very clever, and the writing on most of the WB shows is relatively sophisticated. Indeed, one reason the stars are so attractive is that they don't just look like walking head shots but seem to have brains and hearts.

To be sure, sex ultimately drives the WB, as it does everything else in entertainment, but the network often takes a more interesting approach to the subject than is typical. "What the WB has done is embrace the oddness of *Buffy*," says Joss Whedon, the show's creator. Whedon comes from the movies, as do a number of other writers and producers for the WB. Susanne Daniels, a programming executive for the network, says it has purposely sought out talented people who are not established in TV. "We were thinking," she says, "that maybe the people who knew how to run a show aren't the people who are going to give us fresh material." Sometimes, though, the policy of seeking unorthodox talent can backfire, as in the case of Riley Weston, a writer for *Felicity* who was revealed last week to be 32 years old, not 19 as she had claimed.

The WB has yet to make a profit and is projected to lose \$93 million this year, but it says it will make money in 2000 or 2001. Wall Street analysts agree. The youth market is highly attractive to advertisers because young people spend a lot of money, are impressionable and are forming habits that may last a lifetime. Kellner insists that unlike Fox, the network will maintain its identity and will not seek viewers older than 35. He may be distressed, then, by the news that the WB's ratings are growing fast among 25- to 54-year-olds. There are adolescents, and then there are the adolescent-at-heart, a demographic group whose members the WB also serves brilliantly, although they might not want to admit it. —Reported by James Willwerth/Los Angeles

This Time, She's a Good Witch

WHEN FIRST MEETING HER, YOU QUICKLY LEARN TWO THINGS about Shannen Doherty. One, her face is more symmetrical in person than it is onscreen. And two, if you visit the set of her new WB series *Charmed* and happen to sit in the canvas director-style chair with her name stenciled on the back, she won't punch you in the face or break a beer bottle over your head when she finds you there. In truth, she's perfectly gracious and nonvolatile. Is there anything more you really wanted to know on the subject?

Someday, when *Charmed* is forgotten, the former star of *Beverly Hills, 90210* will still be a touchstone of early '90s nostalgia, the era's iconic teenage girl in her role as pouty, headstrong Brenda Walsh. The naturalness of Doherty's bratty but earnest characterization helped make the show a hit by the end of its first season (1990-91). There was sudden fame and magazine covers, but it is a time that Doherty remembers less than fondly. Now 27, she wants the world to know that she is not the same person she was when she was regularly written up in the tabloids for fighting in nightclubs, threatening to shoot a fiancé, trashing rental properties, throwing tantrums on the *90210* set, marrying Ashley Hamilton, dating Judd Nelson.

She explains it all thusly: "I was 21 years old, trying to grow up and figure out who I was, and I didn't consciously think, 'Maybe I should be real low-key and stay in my house.' Instead I was like, 'I'm 21 and I can go out and have a great time and sort of experience the whole college life,' if you will. I made myself an easy target. But that was a really long time ago." That, of course, depends on your definition of "really long." (Last year she agreed to undergo anger-management counseling after breaking a beer bottle over a car.) But surely no one, no matter how famous or petulant, should have to have his or her collegiate doings, or the equivalent, covered regularly in the *National Enquirer*.

Doherty left *90210* in 1994, reportedly not on the best of terms with her colleagues, including executive producer Aaron Spelling, who on *Charmed* is once again her boss. Both Doherty and Spelling claim that any animosity on either side was greatly exaggerated. Spelling approached her earlier this year with the idea of returning to *90210*, which in its ninth season is already about two cycles past its prime. Doherty declined, although she says she might make a special appearance for a season finale.

Spelling then offered her *Charmed*, a dramatic series about three young sisters who wear slip dresses, complain about dating and in the premiere episode, discover they are witches. The series, which has drawn surprisingly good ratings, manages to tap into TV's current fascination with the occult (*The X-Files*, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*) while recalling the classic three-babe structure of Spelling's '70s hit *Charlie's Angels*. Here, Doherty would seem to fit into the Jaclyn Smith mold—easily the most beautiful one but not necessarily the sexiest. (Alyssa Milano gets the Farrah Fawcett-Majors pin-up part, while Holly Marie Combs is stuck with Kate Jackson.)

As for offscreen witchiness, Doherty reports that with 14-to-18-hour days on the set, she has little time for anything but sleep. "I just go home," she says—more proof that the '90s are all but over.

—By Bruce Handy



CHARMED Older, wiser and working again for the man who made her a star



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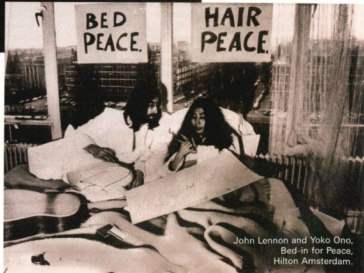
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IN LIVING COLOR: Maguire, right, helps Allen face up to the pleasure of feelings

Shading the Past

The '50s weren't the good old days, says a film. But it still sees them through rose-tinted glasses

By RICHARD CORLISS

AH, THE '50S! A DECADE OF PICKET fences and placid smiles, of front lawns without weeds and a future without care, when children were wise enough to respect their parents—because Father knew best.

Rotten, wasn't it? People did what they were supposed to do, not what they deeply, truly needed to. It was a time of confinement: those wire bras were a chastity belt for bosoms. Haircuts were part of the hypocrisy—boys couldn't hide their ears, but they could, had to, suppress their liveliest instincts. It was the long night of the living dead.

That's the not-so-hidden agenda of *Pleasantville*, an epic-size, largely entertaining parable of repression and awakening from writer-director Gary Ross. The movie imagines that two teenagers, David (Tobey Maguire) and his randy sister Jennifer (Reese Witherspoon), are magically transported from the '90s into the small, sleepy town of David's favorite '50s sitcom. The "knows-best" father, George (William H. Macy), and his wife Betty (Joan Allen), all starched sweetness, are convinced that David is Bud, a.k.a. Sport, and that Jennifer, now outfitted in a poodle-skirt-and-sweater set, is Mary Sue—Muffin to her doting dad. Weirdest of all, the whole town is in black-and-white. "We're supposed to be

at home, David," Jennifer scolds her brother. "We're supposed to be in color."

In outline, *Pleasantville* sounds like the most derivative movie of all time: a bit of *Back to the Future* (teen time travel), a whiff of *The Wizard of Oz* (the color of dreams), a plot from *The Purple Rose of Cairo* (with actor Jeff Daniels linking two stories of real and reel life), a lot from *The Truman Show* (except that here everyone in town believes in the grand fiction of a perfectly ordered society). But Ross, who helped create two other fantasies of displacement, *Big and Dave*, has more in mind: Follow your heart, not the rules. And '50s bad, '60s good.

Be it known that whatever its message, the movie bubbles over with felicity. The actors, once they get over their early overplaying, are uniformly splendid. Ross gets plenty of smart fun from the collision of '50s and '90s: a "healthy" breakfast loaded with pork products, a mother-daughter sex talk in which Muffin explains the facts of life to Mom. Carpeting the film is Randy Newman's richest score, trembling and true to the period; those yearning violins express an ache the *Pleasantville* lagers don't yet know they have.

This *Pleasantville*, this Bedford Falls, this Brigadoon, this Springfield, you see, is really Stepford—a place so sanitized there are no toilets or double beds, a people so insular they have never known what it's like to feel unprogrammed joy

or lust or rage or bravery or intellectual adventure. When they finally open themselves to these emotions (by gazing at a Picasso or hearing Buddy Holly or spending the evening with a naughty girl from the '90s), the people of *Pleasantville* literally blush into color. They wear their passion on their shamed, fervent faces, on their clothes, like a scarlet letter. And the town burghers, still cocooned in monochrome propriety, are perplexed, vexed, vengeful.

Ross and his team make brilliant use of color technology; the blossoming of each character really does touch the emotions of an openhearted viewer. But the scheme has heavier undertones. For creamy black-and-white read white: white bread, pasty white skin, whites-only neighborhoods, the last decade of white-male culture and, yes, the white sheets of the Ku Klux Klan. For color read colored, as in "colored people" and other oppressed minorities—artists seeking free expression, women in search of the apocalyptic orgasm.

The movie sees this emotional coloring as a good thing. Waking from the prolonged childhood of the '50s (when Ike was the omnipotent dad), America attended to the culture bubbling under its consciousness—to rhythm and blues, to Lenny Bruce and Redd Foxx, to *Lolita* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—and took a heroic leap into the enthralling unknown, the flourishing of art, the liberation of race and gender. Yet it can also be argued that the opening of those emotional pores brought a more debased culture: drug epidemics, teen pregnancy, splatter movies, penis-size jokes on every sitcom, Marilyn Manson and Monica Lewinsky. Perhaps the four-letterization of America was not an unalloyed blessing, and the handing of artistic freedom to an infantile culture was not a wise gift.

These views are open to debate—a debate the film doesn't acknowledge. The ultimate irony of *Pleasantville* is that it is less a '60s movie than a '50s one; it has the didacticism and sentimentality of the serious Hollywood product of that earlier time. That one and this. Stretching credulity but never hedging a bet, Ross wants universal acceptance for his film, so he finally makes the town so endearing that one of the '90s kids decides to stay there. (Gee, wait till Mom finds out!) He hopes you will too. That's the difference between today's best Hollywood filmmakers and the top independent auteurs. Todd Solondz and Hal Hartley don't care if you like, or even get, *Happiness* or *Henry Fool*. Ross wants to point a finger while you shake his hand. ■

Bruce Handy

Truly Independent Cinema

Where the films are often less like Ed Burns' and more like Ed Wood's

THIS IS SHOW BUSINESS AT ITS MOST ELEMENTAL. The annual Independent Feature Film Market, which took place last month at a Manhattan multiplex, typically features some 200 feature-length movies (many not yet even finished) competing for investors, distributors, exposure, oxygen, life. With an atmosphere of equal parts hubris and desperation, it is a cross between a trade show, a film festival and a bazaar, and a far cry from what most people envision when they think of independent film: Matt Damon smoking cigars at a Miramax Oscar party. Since I had long been curious about the unsung breadth of no-budget filmmaking—the new American folk art?—off I went to the IFFM in search of cinema's slush pile.

Near the end of the market's five-day run, the lobby of the Angelika Film Center was still asswam with writer-producer-directors passing out handbills, waving placards, showing trailers on handheld DVD players, almost literally collaring people to see their films. It was marketing as hand-to-hand combat, an uneasily direct communion between filmmaker and potential audience member. The pitches: a blaxploitation parody starring a white guy! An ex-cop grand-mama wages war on her grandson's kidnappers! A lost relic with aphrodisiacal powers—Jesus' foreskin—turns up in Manhattan! "Pringles financed my movie," a commercial actor turned documentarian told me. The budget for one "romantic drama" came from the insurance settlement the writer-director received after he was injured in an auto accident. You had to admire the sheer nerve on display. And who knows? Maybe I was talking to the next Todd Solondz (*Welcome to the Dollhouse*, *Happiness*) or Edward Burns (*The Brothers McMullen*), both of whom got their start at the IFFM. But probably I wasn't.

The odds are that no one besides a handful of people will ever see these movies (an organizer guessed maybe five or six of the 200 would find distributors). While there are no hard figures, experts say the number of independent films made in this country, most for budgets in the low ten thousands, has probably doubled in the last five years. The reasons are varied: the inspiring do-it-yourself success of films like

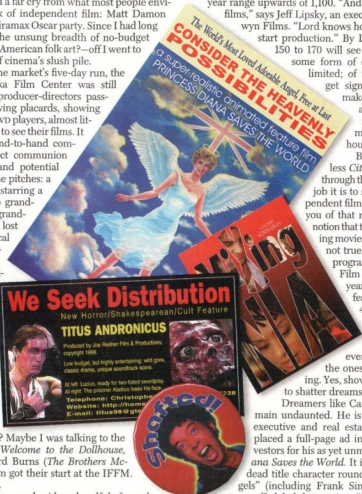
Robert Rodriguez's *El Mariachi*, which was made for \$7,000 and grossed over \$1.6 million; the surplus of film schools; cheaper and more accessible technologies (credible-looking features can now be shot on digital video at a cost of about \$20 for an hour of tape, as opposed to, say, \$15,000 for an hour of 35-mm film stock and processing); easy credit. Estimates of the total number of independent films that will be made this year range upwards of 1,100. "And that's only completed films," says Jeff Lipsky, an executive at Samuel Goldwyn Films. "Lord knows how many more at least start production." By Lipsky's count, maybe

150 to 170 will see the light of day with some form of distribution, however limited; of those, maybe 20 will get significant exposure and make some money. After all, there are only so many theaters, so many moviegoers, so many hours in a life.

But lest you think countless *Citizen Kanes* are falling through the cracks, people whose job it is to see hundreds of independent films will quickly disabuse you of that romance. "There's this notion that there are all these amazing movies out there, and it's just not true," says John Cooper, a programmer at the Sundance

Film Festival (which this year received around 800 feature submissions for 45 slots). Still, the idea that many hundreds of movies are going unseen each year—even movies worse than the ones we do see—is sobering. Yes, show business is designed to shatter dreams, but come on.

Dreamers like Carman David Gallo remain undaunted. He is a Toronto marketing executive and real estate heir who recently placed a full-page ad in *Variety* soliciting investors for his as yet unmade film, *Princess Diana Saves the World*. It is the story of how the dead tie character rounds up other "good angels" (including Frank Sinatra and J.F.K.) and staves off global destruction. "Imagine Diana sitting at God's knees like a little girl—that's the first scene," Gallo explains. "This is a monster. This will sink *Titanic*." He clearly has a vision. I have a vision of my own: a democracy of moving images. Not everyone can be Martin Scorsese—that hasn't changed—but anyone who wants to, it seems, can now be Ed Wood. The Internet has nothing on that, except eyeballs. ■



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BOOKS

A Square-Rigged Saga

Patrick O'Brian launches volume 19 of his historical novels of blood, storms and friendship

By JOHN SKOW



NOT ONE OF THOSE overweening lists and counterlists of 100 greatest novels that provoked such harrumphing a few months ago mentioned the remarkable British novelist Patrick O'Brian. This, his beguiled readers could argue, demeans not O'Brian but the lists. To O'Brian loyalists—readers and re-readers, hangers-about on the O'Brian website, buyers of O'Brian calendars, dictionaries, three-cornered hats (a lie) and period foul-weather gear (another)—what might be open to dispute is whether to reserve, say, one slot high on a new "greatest" roster, or 18 or 20 places very close to the top.

This is because the author's masterpiece is an astonishing naval saga set in Napoleonic times during England's long sea war with France, and it extends now to 19 closely linked novels. The latest, *The Hundred Days* (W.W. Norton; 282 pages; \$24) is just out. And O'Brian, now close to 85, is busily at work on a 20th.

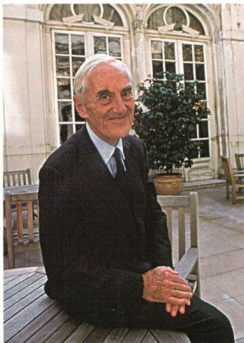
This is not genre writing, agreeable trash to be pigeonholed. If salt-soaked comparison is required, O'Brian's adventures suggest Joseph Conrad's sea tales more than those of C.S. Forester and his Horatio Hornblower. Conrad's prevailing mood is darker; though O'Brian can summon darkness and defeat, he is more arch and owlish. But as Forester did, O'Brian novelizes serially. The precarious lives of two memorable characters, friends and shipmates, thread through his books.

Jack Aubrey is a fighting captain, brave and beefy, un-subtle except in naval matters and mathematics. Stephen Maturin, Irish and Catalan, sallow and scrawny,

is a gifted surgeon who can whip off a shattered arm or leg and Bob's your uncle; he is also a naturalist, a rare linguist, and a shrewd intelligence agent for the British Admiralty.

A civilizing nicety in this most civilized of narrations is that the two are passable amateur musicians. Maturin plays the cello, and as Aubrey admits, "I scrape a little, sir. I torment a fiddle from time to time." As chapters end—chapters of blood, crashing seas and weevily sea biscuit—the two are likely to take solace together, tormenting Locatelli or Bocherini. Friendship, lifelong and ramified, between these two and with recurring minor characters, is the bedrock theme of the novels.

Author O'Brian, who has sailed on square-rigged ships, is a meticulous naval scholar and medical historian. The battles in which Aubrey distinguishes himself and Maturin repairs the wounded are real, borrowed from history (the two are passengers on H.M.S. *Java* when the U.S.S. *Constitution*, now a tourist at-



OCEANIC MARVEL: In his 80s, sailing along on Volume 20

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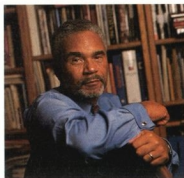
BOOKS

traction in Boston Harbor, defeats the British ship off Brazil in his sixth novel, *The Fortune of War*) and retold in language nearly understandable to a landsman ("A burton-tackled to the chestree. Lead aft to a snatch block fast to the aftermost ringbolts and forward free. Look alive there!"). In the new novel Napoleon has just escaped from Elba, and the two heroes must block a huge shipment of Algerian gold intended to pay the Emperor's Muslim mercenaries.

O'Brian is also a shameless wag, who early in the series has the hulking Aubrey escape overland from the French disguised as a dancing bear, led by Maturin as bear trainer, and who is not above calling a ferocious Spanish xebec-frigate defeated by Aubrey the *Cacafuego*, which means exactly what first-year Spanish students think it means (s__fire).

As with any good marine fiction, the sea itself is background, scene shifter and, from time to storm-lashed time, main character. But the series swims also on an ocean of wondrous language, in which inept seamen, for instance, are not only "sad brutish grobbians," but "froward dirty disreputable rough good-for-nothing disorderly ragabashes and raparees." If there is a serious flaw, it is that since the novels are mostly about men, they are probably mostly for men. O'Brian writes good female characters, but mostly they remain ashore (and one of the best, Maturin's flamboyant wife Diana, dies offstage, in a coaching accident, before *The Hundred Days* begins).

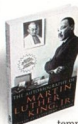
The onlie begetter of this oceanic marvel lives a life of ritualized civility in the South of France. Tea at four (or "I'm afraid I grow fractious"), whiskey at six. An interview remains politely impersonal. He has sailed; he studied medicine; he sees great value in the rigorous, hierarchical politeness of the Royal Navy in Aubrey's time. But he admits that he has forgotten some details of his novels 10 or 15 books ago and shares some uncertainties about those to come. Not long ago he was at work on Chapter 3 of the untitled 20th novel, and he remarked, rather direly, "I have to last." Then he reflected that although the new novel in progress was supposed to bring Aubrey full circle, "I'm not sure whether I shan't take him a bit beyond full circle, with one or two incidents at the very height of the Royal Navy's glory. I should like simply for my own amusement—and because I don't really see how I can bear easily to live without writing—and at least for my own pleasure—to write one more, or perhaps two." —Reported by Bruce Crumley/Paris



ASSEMBLER: Clayborne Carson Jr.

Clip Job

King's "autobiography" tells little about his life



AMONG THE TRAGIC consequences of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.'s assassination was that he was cut down before he could write his own assessment of his life.

Now, 30 years after the murder, his family is attempting to fill the gap with the assistance of Clayborne Carson Jr., a Stanford University professor who edited King's papers. Sadly, *The Autobiography of Martin Luther King, Jr.* (Warner Books, 400 pages, \$25) does not deliver the sort of revealing self-examination that characterizes such powerful memoirs as the *Life and Times of Frederick Douglass* or *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. Instead it reads exactly like what it is: a cut-and-paste job, assembled by Carson mainly from King's previously published books and speeches, that glosses over some of the most important episodes in the civil rights leader's remarkable career.

Nowhere, for example, is there any significant discussion of King's tense relationships with John and Robert Kennedy. Nor is there a real discussion of FBI director J. Edgar Hoover's sustained campaign against King, which ranged from wiretapping and character assassination to an attempt to induce him to commit suicide. The book does provide an easily digested compendium of King's eloquent speeches that may entice readers to learn more about his legacy. But as an autobiography, it is a mere imitation of life.

—By Jack E. White

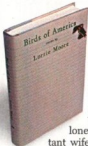
SHORT TAKES

BOOKS



WELCOME TO THE WORLD, BABY GIRL! By *Fannie Flagg* In the world of Dena Nordstrom, a glamorous TV news-woman, people come in two varieties: corn pone and ruthless shark. The former populate the safe, static Missouri town of Dena's early youth, and the latter stalk the corridors of Manhattan, where career-obsessed Dena collapses from stress. She's forced finally to confront the hole at the middle of her existence: the unexplained disappearance of her mother when Dena was just 15. As the narrative shifts in time and place to unravel the mystery, the action is as shamelessly un-subtle as the characters are clichéd. That said, this third novel from the author of *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe* is utterly irresistible. Its plot is so fast paced, readers may not even notice its weaknesses. —By Jill Smolove

BIRDS OF AMERICA By *Lorrie Moore* The title of her story collection is borrowed from a late novel by Mary McCarthy, who lifted the name from Audubon's celebrated book of avian engravings. But Moore might as well have used *Jokes* and



Their Relation to the Unconscious, Freud's classic essay on humor. The bemused and angry women in *Birds* defiantly quip their way through trouble. "When I'm sleeping with someone, I'm less obsessed with the mail," says a lonely ex-film star. A reluctant wife explains her conjugal state with the comment, "I married my husband because I thought it would be a great way to meet guys." Moore can also do the subtleties and the scenery, but it must be nice to know that if publishing goes flat, you can always get a booking in Vegas. —By R.Z. Sheppard

MUSIC

UP R.E.M. Rock drummers are like car tires: they're regularly replaced, but you won't get far if you're missing one. *Up* is R.E.M.'s first album since the band's long-time drummer, Bill Berry, left the group; his absence is present on more than a few tracks. The remaining three members

TOOLS FOR LIVING

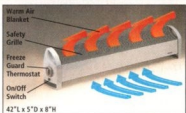
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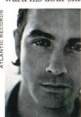
SHORT TAKES



ANTON CORRIJN

try to make do with drum machines, but the results often lack kick. Nonetheless, singer Michael Stipe is in fine form, and his lyrics are typically haunting and nuanced (a complete lyric sheet is included for the first time). The focus here is on delicately constructed ballads, and several of the songs have the soft, fresh feel of just-showered skin. R.E.M. is still a great band. What the new, drummerless group lacks in power it tries to make up for in loveliness. —By Christopher John Farley

HUMMING *Duncan Sheik* He's best known as a serious, soul-baring folk-rock, but the chart success of Sheik's 1996 single *Barely Breathing* outed him as a pop tunesmith with a knack for gorgeous songwriting that doesn't resort to schmaltz. Sheik's new CD veers back toward his dour side, where he finds plenty



ATLANTIC RECORDS

to be glum about—the perils of record-business starmaking in *Nothing Special* and the falseness of big-city life in *That Says It All*. It's no surprise that he intends to avoid being trapped in lightweight pop: he's 28 and wants a long career. But *Humming's* dark overhang of melancholy and shortage of buoyant tunes make this just a good album, when there may have been a great one waiting just one hook away. —By David E. Thigpen

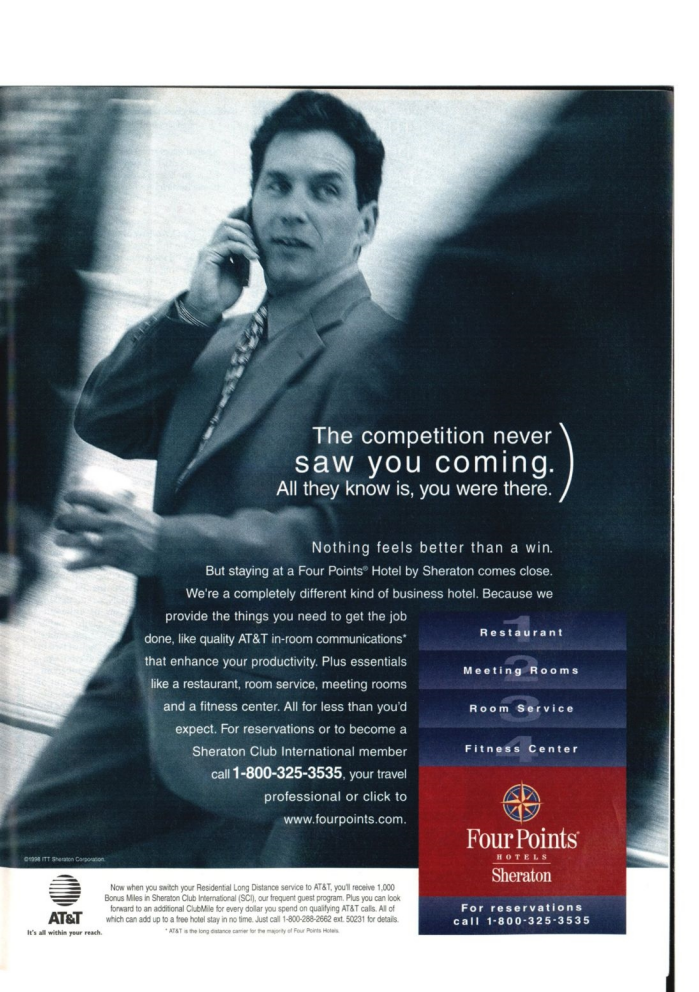
EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE ALRIGHT

Deana Carter The daughter of Nashville session man Fred Carter Jr. proves that her quadruple-platinum CD *Did I Shave My Legs for This?* was no fluke. Indeed, it was just a hint of Deana's daring, of her composing gifts and rangy taste: country, rock, power pop. In a sly, dry, sweetly froggy voice that weirdly suggests young Bobby of *King of the Hill*, Carter draws



BOB D'AMICO/ATLANTIC RECORDS

four-minute portraits of unfulfilled wives (*Absence of the Heart*), vengeful losers with an urge to arson (*Dickson County*), abandoned kids whose saving grace is not knowing when to quit (*Angels Working Overtime*). Twelve songs of hurt



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SHORT TAKES

without despair are capped by Fred's title song, a hymn to hope despite all. Hope on, folks. In Deana's care, country music's gonna be alright. —By Richard Cortiss

TELEVISION

SIFL & OLLY SHOW *MTV Weekdays* At first they seem to be sock puppets who sound stoned. But soon they're your friends. Sifl and Olly sing songs, argue and interview the likes of an orgasm, a nine-volt battery, the Grim Reaper and an atom in one of Elvis' combs. The show's unscripted



COURTESY OF MTV NETWORKS

feel and sub-Kukla production values make the bizarre punch lines even more jolting. The chemistry between the puppets springs from the longtime friendship of Liam Lynch and Matt Crocco, two childhood friends from Nashville who, while in different colleges, used the voices on each other's answering machines. Now struggling musicians with radically divergent musical tastes, they collaborate on this post-*Beavis* mockery of the future of America. Cool.

—By Joel Stein

EXHIBITIONS

JOSEPH CORNELL/MARCEL DUCHAMP ... IN RESONANCE *Philadelphia Museum of Art* Duchamp, famous for the signed urinal and *The Large Glass*, and Joseph Cornell, not so famous for living with his mother in Queens, N.Y., and making densely intricate boxes of ephemera such as apothecary jars, photos, paper clippings and decorated wood cubes, formed a kind of pack-rat pack of two in the '40s after Duchamp enlisted Cornell to work on his portable museum, *Boite-en-Valise*. Cornell's collection of the trimmings—notes, receipts, old glue boxes—of their meetings forms the *Duchamp Dossier* and the centerpiece of this show. Neither a great Cornell nor a great Duchamp exhibition, this is a mesmerizing shuffle through the meeting of two wonderfully awkward minds. —By Belinda Luscombe



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Daniel Kadlec

The Boss Is Back

In a reversal, insiders are quietly buying their stocks again. Does that mean you should too?

SOME ENCOURAGING SIGNS HAVE SURFACED FOR those itching to load up on stocks at today's lower prices. Alan Greenspan's surprise interest-rate cut, which sent the market rocketing higher on Thursday, is one. But even before that move, savvy corporate buyers had been turning up the volume. Last week marketing firm Candiant unveiled a \$1 billion program to buy its own shares. This followed on the heels of buybacks by Pfizer (\$5 billion), McDonald's (\$3.5 billion) and American Express (\$3.3 billion). In

September \$25 billion in share repurchases was announced—double the pace of earlier this year.

Last spring I noted that corporate buyers—who should know the value of their own shares better than anyone—had turned glum. In a warning that the market was headed for hard times, stock buybacks were slowing, and insiders were selling more than they bought. Now that trend has quietly turned, and it's tempting to see it along with the rate cut—as a buy signal. In fact, some nibbling may not be a bad idea. I would certainly endorse a program of monthly buying with a set amount of money.

I would guard against too much restored confidence, however. For one thing, the rate cut could mean that Greenspan views the economy as even weaker than it looks, which of course would not bode well for stock prices. As for the insiders, they are famous for buying too early. During the late-'80s banking crisis, bank executives bought their own "cheap" shares two years before bank stocks hit bottom. And last year, just as stocks were selling at nosebleed prices, corporate purchasers at 1,700 companies announced buybacks worth \$220 billion.

Such bullishness would mean a lot more if it persisted, say, until early next year. But there's a good chance it won't last that long. Profit margins are getting squeezed, and companies are running out of cash; some may not even be able to make good on the buybacks they've promised. Charles Clough, chief investment strategist at Merrill Lynch, notes that the amount of

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Utilities Safe havens anyway, electric companies are shedding high-cost plants



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cash that companies have left after investing in plant and equipment—which is the cash that funds most buybacks—has been dwindling for two years. By next year the till may be empty.

Among the industries hurting most are telecommunications, retailers, autos, computers and financial services. Competition there is so hot that firms have been unable to rein in their capital spending; in some cases they've borrowed heavily to keep it up. Those industries are overbuilt and headed for retrenchment. For investment, focus on industries not spending so heavily.

They will be better able to protect earnings and—who knows?—maybe buy back shares.

Those would include cable TV, where most of the wire has already been laid; Viacom and Media One Group just unveiled big buybacks. Airlines are in a good spot because even though traffic slows as the economy weakens, industry leaders like AMR and Delta can stop buying planes and weed out old gas guzzlers. Dividend-paying electric utilities tend to have appeal in a weak economy anyway, but with deregulation, some (Consolidated Edison, New England Electric) have shed capital-intensive parts of the business—generating power—to focus on transmission. In trying times, companies able to conserve cash should hold up best, even if it turns out that corporate buyers sent a false signal. ■

See time.com/personal for more on buybacks. E-mail Dan at kadlec@time.com or see him on CNNfn, 12-40 p.m. E.T., Tuesdays.

Focus on Sliding Stocks

TALK ABOUT A DUBIOUS DISTINCTION. The Council of Institutional Investors just released its annual "focus list," which spotlights 20 stocks that seriously underperformed their peers for five years. But some sporting investors have taken to using the list, which ranges this year from Adobe to Tenneco, to go bottom fishing for stocks that are about to rise.

Underachievers

Some of the Focus List's worst performers

Bausch & Lomb

K Mart
The Limited
Loews Corp.
Reebok
Silicon Graphics

Vanguard's Big Discount

WHY BUY FUNDS, STOCKS AND BONDS from different shops when you can manage them all under one roof? That's the pitch behind the new, downsized brokerage services of Vanguard, the nation's second largest fund family, best known until now for its index funds. To compete with discount brokers like Fidelity and Charles Schwab, Vanguard last week announced it will lower commissions on stock trades and expand its non-

Vanguard offerings. Online trading will also debut by Christmas.



Tax Balancing Act

WHEN IT COMES TO THE EBB AND flow of federal spending, some Americans—and indeed whole states—are taking a bath. Residents of wealthy states in the Northeast and Midwest (such as Connecticut, New Jersey and Illinois) shell out far more in taxes than they receive in benefits, while poorer ones (such as New Mexico and North Dakota) get more than their share in return, according to a new report from the Taubman Center for State and Local Government.

—By Daniel Eisenberg

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Connecticut
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Joshua Quittner

Volks NoteBooks

Following its popular but pricey ThinkPads, IBM is finally making a laptop for the rest of us

WITH ITS PERFECT KEYBOARD AND SPLENDIDLY PIXELATED active-matrix screen, IBM's ThinkPad has a well-deserved reputation as the best of breed in the notebook category. If you can afford one, that is. I happen to use a year-old ThinkPad 560x, which weighs a bantam 4.1 lbs. Despite its advanced age and relatively pedestrian configuration (I had to add extra RAM), it cost \$2,200 now. Luckily for me, my employer paid.

But what about people who aren't so blessed as to work for the best

darn company in the world? Laptops constitute the fastest-growing sector of the computer market, and last year Big Blue undertook the most extensive consumer-research campaign in ThinkPad's six-year history to try to figure out who's buying them. It discovered a new class of information worker: mobile folks who buy their own gear. These consumers work at small start-ups. They're college students. They're even people who like to telecommute, but from the sofa rather than the home office. Some 30% of laptop purchases will be made by these people during the upcoming year, according to IBM. Price, for them, is a major consideration. So is bang for the buck. Also, apparently, stereo speakers.

At least, that's how it seems, based on how IBM's new ThinkPad i Series turned out. The company's first consumer-targeted notebooks, due out next month, are priced at \$1,499, \$1,999 and \$2,499. All have active-matrix color screens, 56K modems and 20X CD-ROM drives. And inch-wide Altec-Lansing stereo speakers.

Slightly bigger screens, more capacitive hard drives and extra RAM account for the price difference between models. The top of the i line, the ThinkPad 1720, is the only one powered by a Pentium II chip rather than the more déclassé Pentium I. I spent last week getting to know the mid-priced model, the ThinkPad 1450.

My assessment? An everything-but-the-kitchen-sink approach certainly has appeal from the cost side. But there are



Kitchen Sinktops

- **IBM i Series:** Best screen, speed and CD-ROM for \$1,499
- **Toshiba Satellite:** Lesser monitor, but fully loaded for \$1,199
- **Hitachi Visionbook:** Slower speed and inferior display, but a wallet saver at \$899

pitfalls that may turn out to be penny wise, pound foolish for some people. Those stereo speakers, for instance. While I am no Leonard Bernstein, I believe I have a fairly discerning ear. And that ear could hardly tell the difference between the Altec-Lansings and the no-brand speaker that comes on most laptops. I'm not sure, really, who'd use them; the sound on my demo model was too low-fidelity (and the volume just too low, even cranked up to high) for the PC to pass as a CD player.

The CD-ROM player itself, at 20X, is fast enough to run most software. I was able to stalk deer in the hills of Pennsylvania playing Deer Hunter II, though installing the game and loading it seemed to take forever compared to how long my 30X desktop machine needed. The 13.1-in. screen was certainly a pleasure to look at, but the big-screen contributed to a package that weighed in at a sumo-like 7.7 lbs. That's way too heavy for a wimp like me to lug around every day.

Still, the i Series, particularly the cheapest model, will give good value if you're slightly mobile and even mostly immobile, bound to a couch or just looking for a second PC to knock around the house with. Best news for consumers: IBM isn't the only PC maker that has identified the low-end laptop market. Let the lap wars begin. ■

For more on laptops, see time.com/personal. E-mail Josh at jquitt@well.com, and watch Anita Wednesdays on *CNN*'s Digital Jam.

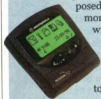
Barbie Plays Nancy Drew

UNTIL NOW, THE BIGGEST ADVENTURE that Mattel Media's popular line of Barbie CD-ROMs offered girls was a chance to discover a new hairdo for their plastic princess. Mattel's latest offering, Detective Barbie (\$35), promises something different: players must solve a kidnapping and recover the missing loot. Set in a colorful carnival setting, Detective Barbie is fun to play and almost seems daring—until the girls learn that Barbie's real quest is to find Ken. Nothing new there.



Page Me in Paris

IF THE \$3,000 PRICE TAG ON THE NEW lightweight satellite phones made by Kyocera and Motorola seems a bit high, globetrotters on tight budgets might consider Iridium's \$500 Go Anywhere pager instead. When Iridium's 66-satellite network becomes operational—which is supposed to happen next month—the little pager will receive messages anywhere in the world. Usage fees aren't set, but could be \$50 to \$100 a month.



Tablet Computing

WHEN IT COMES TO NOTEBOOK PCS, thin usually means expensive. But a new line of sub-\$1,000, 3-lb. notebooks running the Windows CE operating system is both svelte and affordable. Hewlett-Packard's Jornada, Sharp's Mobilion Pro and Vadem's Clio feature built-in modems, word-processing and spreadsheet programs, and offer up to 12 hours of battery life. The screens on the Mobilion Pro and Clio rotate on a hinge and can lie flat, tablet-style. But none have a floppy drive, making file transfers a bit awkward. —By Anita Hamilton



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Christine Gorman

Winter Blues

Studies show that bright light in the morning is an effective treatment for seasonal depression

EVERY FALL, LIKE CLOCKWORK, LINDA KRENTZ OF Beaverton, Ore., felt her brain go on strike. "I just couldn't get going in the morning," she says. "I'd get depressed and gain 10 lbs. every winter and lose them again in the spring." Then she read about seasonal affective disorder, a form of depression that occurs in autumn and winter, and she saw the light—literally. Every morning now she turns on a specially constructed light box for half an hour and sits in front of it to trick her brain into thinking it's still enjoying those long summer days. It seems to work.

"Even my kids notice the difference," she says. "I'm back to my jovial self."

Krentz is not alone. Scientists estimate that 10 million Americans suffer from seasonal depression and 25 million more develop milder versions. But there's never been definitive proof that treatment with very bright lights (10,000 lux, or 20 times as many as your office lights) makes a difference. After all, it's hard to do a double-blind test when the subjects can see for themselves whether or not the light is on. That's why nobody has ever separated the real effects of light therapy from placebo effects.

Until now. In three separate studies published in the *Archives of General Psychiatry* last week, researchers report not only that light therapy works better than a placebo but that treatment is usually more effective in the early morning than in the evening. In two of the groups, the placebo problem was resolved by telling patients they were comparing light boxes to a new anti-depressant device that emits negatively charged ions. The third used the timing of light therapy as the control.

Why does light therapy work? No one really knows. "Our research suggests it has something to do with shifting the body's internal clock," says Dr. Al Lewey, a psychiatrist at Oregon Health Sciences University in Portland. The body is programmed to start the day with sunrise, Lewey explains, and this gets later as the days get shorter. But why such subtle shifts make some people



There Goes the Sun

Some symptoms of seasonal affective disorder are:

- Depression
- Carbohydrate craving
- Excessive sleeping
- Social withdrawal

melancholy and not others is a mystery.

That hasn't stopped thousands of winter depressives from trying to heal themselves. Light boxes for that purpose are available for \$300 to \$600 without a doctor's prescription. That bothers Michael Terman, a research psychologist at Columbia University. He is worried that the boxes may be tried by patients who are suicidal or suffer from mental illness that can't be treated with light. Terman has developed a questionnaire, available at www.cet.org/cet2000, to help determine whether you should seek expert care.

In any event, you shouldn't treat yourself without doing your homework. Start by reading *Winter Blues* by Dr. Norman Rosenthal (Guilford Press), and then choose a reputable manufacturer, like the SunBox Co. of Gaithersburg, Md. (www.sunboxco.com), or Enviro-Med of Vancouver, Wash. (www.teleport.com/~biolight/). Whatever product you use should emit only visible light, because ultraviolet light damages the eyes. If you are photosensitive, you may develop a rash if you're taking certain medications, including sulfa drugs. Otherwise, the main drawback is having to sit in front of the light for 30 minutes to 60 minutes first thing in the morning. That's an inconvenience many winter depressives can live with. ■

For more on treating seasonal depression, see time.com/personal. You can e-mail Christine at gorman@time.com.

Good News for Teeth

VISITING THE DENTIST may have just become easier. The FDA has approved Millennium, a laser-powered drill that uses a stream of water instead of metal blades to excavate tooth surfaces. The advantage: Millennium causes less pain than conventional drills, and it doesn't emit that hair-raising high-pitched whine.



Bad News on Microwaving

DON'T POP ANY OLD PLASTIC CONTAINER in the microwave. Federal health authorities are concerned that chemicals from some plastics may leach into food. To protect yourself, cook only in containers labeled microwave safe (no margarine tubs or cottage-cheese cartons), don't nuke plastic wraps and don't recycle trays for microwavable entrées; they're for one-time use only.



Good News on Parkinson's

SCIENTISTS REPORT A PROMISING NEW treatment for Parkinson's disease. A study of advanced and even bedridden cases shows that electrically stimulating the brain with implanted electrodes reduces symptoms dramatically. Indeed, most patients who underwent the procedure were well enough to perform everyday tasks again—even while cutting back on their medication.

Bad News on Milk

IS YOUR CHILD CHRONICALLY CONSTIPATED? The cause may be a common allergy to milk. Italian researchers report that constipation cleared up in 68% of children ages one to six who switched from cow's milk to soy. —By Janice M. Horowitz

Sources: FDA, Wall Street Journal, New England Journal of Medicine (3/4)



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By MICHELE ORECKLIN

TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL MUST HAVE BEEN A RERUN



JOHN PAUL II is the most traveled Pope in history, but apparently he likes to kick back in the Vatican with the remote every now and then. During a live panel discussion on Italian television celebrating his 20th papal year, the Pope unexpectedly called in to the program, catching everyone by surprise, including his own spokesman, who was among the guests on the show. "I would like to thank all those taking part for everything that they have said and done," the Pope told the show's shocked host, Bruno Vespa. Visibly moved and more than a little flummoxed, Vespa took a moment to collect himself before finally murmuring, "Even journalists have a soul every so often." Sometimes it just takes a little papal intervention to prove it.

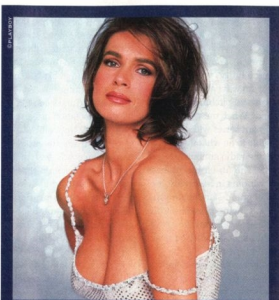
Hair Unapparent

Prince Charles is hawkishly protective of his adolescent sons William and Harry, so he was royally peeved last week when the London newspaper the *Mirror* ran an article about 14-year-old Harry's first shave. It didn't help that what Harry had shaved was his head. It seems the young Prince enlisted some chums to help him achieve the close-cropped hairstyle of his soccer hero Michael Owen. Alas, his classmates proved to be sub-par stylists, and a barber near Harry's boarding school was called upon to salvage the operation, relieving the Prince

of his remaining mane. When the *Mirror* learned of the botched job, it ran a computer-generated picture of what Harry might look like hairless. Objecting to an "intrusion" into his sons' lives, Charles expressed his intention to appeal to the Press Complaints Commission.



CHARLES—GIPSA



WITT JOINS THE SPICE CAPEDES

Figure skater **KATARINA WITT**, 32, is not known for being demure. Her interpretation of Carmen at the 1988 Winter Olympics turned the term ice queen upside down. But for years the East German skater has resisted *Playboy's* attempts to melt her remaining inhibitions. Until now. In its December issue, the magazine will feature a 10-page pictorial on Witt, stripped of skates, sequins and, yes, even her gold medals.

The Young and The Ageless

Any actress who can get away with trimming 13 years off her age without undergoing plastic surgery is bound to stir up some resentment. For several years, **RILEY WESTON**, a 32-year-old divorced actress and screenwriter, has been passing herself off as a 19-year-old, originally to get good roles and later to promote herself as a writing wunderkind. She successfully fooled her agent, the press, her colleagues and Disney, which recently signed her to a six-figure deal. Her secret was discovered last week when someone tipped off *Entertainment Tonight* that Weston, who wrote and guest-starred in an episode of the WB network's teen drama *Felicity*, may be a better actress than anyone thought. She says she was able to maintain her ruse because she doesn't have many friends. That may be one truth that grows into old age.



ALLEGRA—GIPSA/REUTERS

ON THE CATWALK, CLINTON'S THE COMMANDER IN CHIC

It's no surprise when British designer **STELLA MCCARTNEY** features songs by her father Paul at her fashion shows. But spectators were caught off guard last week in Paris when she opened her lingerie-inspired collection for the French design house Chloé with portions of President Clinton's remarks about his relationship with Monica Lewinsky. Layered over a throbbing techno beat, the President could be heard intoning, "What I'm just trying to

do is contain my natural impulses and get back to models wearing revealing slip dresses, camisoles and low-cut blouses sashayed down the runway. Later in the show, which she dedicated to her mother Linda, McCartney returned to a more traditional sound track with a rendition of *Hey Jude*. Asked after the show how she would clothe Lewinsky, McCartney replied, "Probably in a dress, and preferably one that had been dry-cleaned."



STELLA—GIPSA/REUTERS



E S S A Y

Roger Rosenblatt

The-uh-uh-uh Yankees Win!

"The Yankees cannot lose."

"But I fear the Indians of Cleveland."

—Ernest Hemingway, *The Old Man and the Sea*

NO, OF COURSE I WASN'T WORRIED. JUST BECAUSE THE Indians of Cleveland had the Yanks down 2 games to 1 in the American League Championship Series and stuck at unfriendly Jacobs Field for the next two games? Because the Yankee second baseman, Chuck Knoblauch, had decided to recall his Little League days in Game 2 by arguing with an ump while the ball lay on the field for 7 sec., allowing the lead run to score? Because even after the Yanks won Games 4 and 5, their Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 5 hitters were batting a barely breathing .164 and the whole team was batting .198? Because had it not been for walks, errors and pitching, this essay would be about the pride of Cleveland? What, me worried?

But oddly, the sloppy, scary pennant series with the Indians explains how the Yankees were able to do what they did all this remarkable year. John Sterling, the radio announcer, said it in his curious quaver 114 times: "The-uh-uh-uh Yankees win!" They have demonstrated that winning in baseball sometimes consists of perfect games and of grand-slam home runs, but more often of base stealing, of advancing runners in hit-and-run situations, of fouling off ball after ball until the pitcher gets careless, of studying the field like a botanist on every play, of watching and anticipating and thinking.

And please let me not hear from bitter Yankee haters who have spent their shriveled lives missing the Brooklyn Dodgers, or from Boston fans who make bad poetry of the beauty of losing. The Yanks did not lose a series for 23 regular-season series. They were leading in the game for 47 straight games. They outscored opponents by a total of 300 runs.

For personal heroics, there was David Wells' perfect game. There was the 12-game-winning "El Duque," born Orlando Hernandez, the young man and the sea, who paddled away from Cuba and Castro. And Shane Spencer, who descended from Krypton to hit three grand slams in September. Manager Joe Torre moved players in and out of the lineup all year, and no one ever complained about playing time. Since professional sports is almost wholly made up of prima donna billionaires (see the NBA lock-out), that is a rare achievement.

Torre is a picture of calm and brooding. His tired brown eyes seem to darken as a game progresses. One glimpses him in the dugout with pitching coach Mel Stottlemyre and general adviser Don Zimmer, whose Cab-

bage Patch grandfather face is all of baseball: part catcher's mitt, part kid. This trio forms a living argument for retaining the custom of dressing coaches and managers in players' uniforms. They confer and fret like 12-year-olds. How Torre managed to create a sum greater than its parts was evident in a small way in the fifth Cleveland game. After a couple of early bumps, Wells was sailing along with one out and nobody on in the eighth. There was no fissure that showed either in his mechanics or results: his fastball had not lost 1 m.p.h.; he was still hitting the corners; and he had struck out three in a row. To the mound walks Torre, which almost always signals a pitching change, since Stottlemyre attends to nursing and instruction. Wells, who understood his fate but naturally resisted it, told Torre, "I have something left. Send [relief pitcher Jeff Nelson] back." Torre smiled and said, "Go off and get your round of applause"—a wild expectation in Cleveland. Wells smiled too, walked to the dugout, and tipped his cap to the not entirely booing crowd.

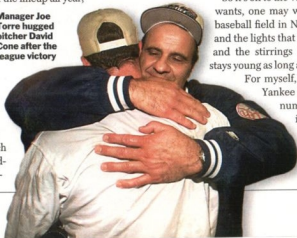
What made the moment indicative of Torre's managerial competence was first that there was nothing overtly logical about his decision to remove Wells; he was simply following a pattern of using middle relievers that had worked in the past. Yet Wells took the decision amiably (it turned out to be correct). The huge, unkempt, Babe-Ruth-worshipping Wells, who is an emotional transparency, had an early-season run-in with Torre when he openly berated fellow players on the field for making an error. Torre informed Wells that teammates don't do that. From that point on, Wells has been a teammate.

Yankee fans have come to appreciate the ways their team makes gold out of lead. At the stadium they often function as a second Yankee pitcher whenever there are two outs and the official pitcher has two strikes on a batter. They rise, roar and clap to ride that third strike in. Indian outfielder Dave Justice showed less appreciation of the Yankee fans before Game 6, by telling reporters that New Yorkers could not get more menacing "unless they showed up with Uzis." True to their spirit of murderous fun, the fans did show up with Uzis, making posters with pictures of the guns to signify each of David Cone's strike-outs.

So it's on to the World Series. If it's poetry one wants, one may write a celebratory ode to a baseball field in New York City or San Diego, and the lights that blaze like a giant's necklace, and the stirrings of memory as the country stays young as long as possible into late October.

For myself, I dream a scoreboard with Yankee numbers higher than other numbers, and a bunch of guys in pinstripes piling on their pitcher in the ninth, and a nutty voice on radio telling me the only news I wish to hear. ■

Manager Joe Torre hugged pitcher David Cone after the league victory





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